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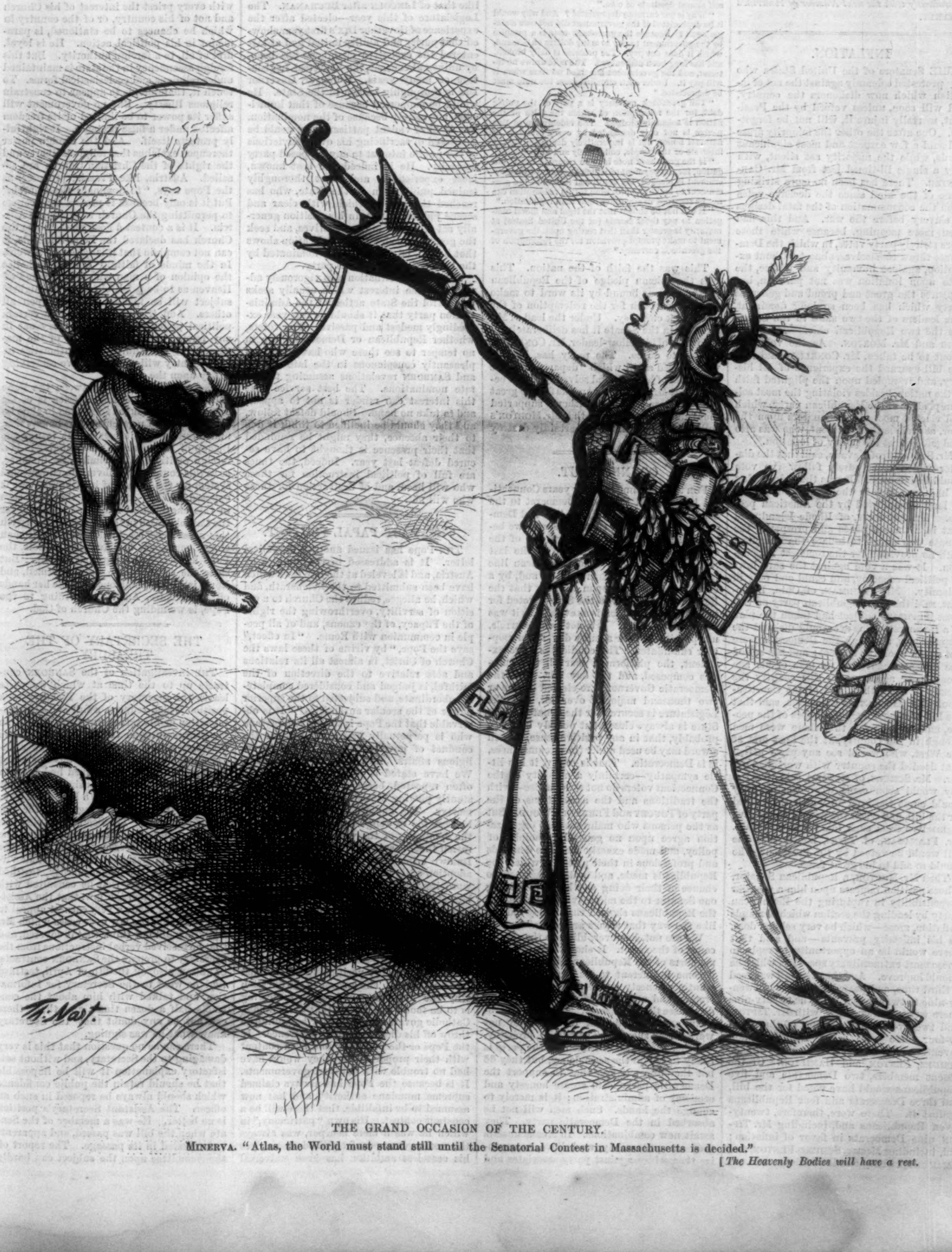

THE GRAND OCCASION OF THE CENTURY.

MINERVA. "Atlas, the World must stand still until the Senatorial Contest in Massachusetts is decided."

[*The Heavenly Bodies will have a rest.*

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 25, 1874.

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INFLATION.

The Senators of the United States who protested solemnly against the act of inflation which now dishonors the country, and will soon, unless vetoed by the President, mortally injure it, will not be forgotten. One after the other the minority arose and said a few earnest and most significant words, while the majority sat silent, with only a single ill-timed jest from Mr. Carpenter. There has been no more striking scene of the kind since the decisive votes upon the consummation of the fatal designs of slavery before the war. And this had even more meaning, because while those were strictly party votes, in which the Democrats threw themselves, almost without exception, against humanity and justice, the vote upon inflation was not partisan, but ruptures the great and proud and generous party which has been so long dominant. The leaders of the two sides in the Senate are the two Republican chiefs—Mr. Conkling and Mr. Morton. As the vote was about to be taken, Mr. Conkling said that the bill spurned the experience of all history, and trampled upon the plighted faith of the nation, besides violating the most solemn pledges of the Republican party, which had elected most of the Senators upon the floor, as well as the President, who was also pledged against the policy of inflation.

Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, said that the disaster which must surely follow the vote would be immense. It was the saddest day he had ever seen in the Senate, and would be long remembered by the American people. Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, said that in a time of peace and prosperity the Senate was about to inflate the currency, with no provision for the remotest redemption. It was a vote against the sure laws of political economy, and could end only in calamity. Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, Democrat, said that the Republican party on this most important subject had taken the plan of a Democrat. The act would disband the Republicans, although the Democrats were not sound upon the subject; and the act of the Senate meant that no man of his age would ever again see in this country the money of our fathers and of the Constitution. Mr. Sargent, of California, said that the bill trampled upon the hopes of the people, and he believed that there were men enough in the country, at the East and at the West, who would see any party perish that flooded the country with worthless paper. Mr. Schurz, of Missouri, said that the day would soon come when the majority would curse the hour in which they voted for the bill, and when the people would save themselves from such blind statesmanship. Mr. Flanagan, of Texas, hoped that the bill would be vetoed by the President, who would so add to his great fame.

Then Mr. Morton, a Republican Senator, whose position imposes upon him a peculiar responsibility in rupturing the Republican party by leading the section which demands inflation, arose—which he very seldom does, as his infirmity prevents—and said that there would be an opportunity to reply to these most extraordinary speeches, which he should improve. And then the bill was read a third time, and passed by a vote of twenty-nine to twenty-four. Of the twenty-nine there were six Democrats, with Mr. Tipton, and twenty-two Republicans; of the twenty-four, there were seven Democrats, and seventeen Republicans, including Messrs. Schurz, Fenton, and Hamilton. Of the absent members, two Democrats and five Republicans would have voted for the bill, and three Democrats and four Republicans against it. There were, therefore, twenty-seven Republicans and, including Mr. Tipton, nine Democrats in favor of inflation; and, including Messrs. Schurz, Fenton, and Hamilton, twenty-one Republicans and ten Democrats opposed to it. The bill makes the maximum amount of United States notes $400,000,000, and adds $46,000,000 to the national bank circulation. This is, of course, only the beginning. The certain end is uncertainty, panic, and disaster.

Mr. Morton, we say, has been the real leader of inflation in the Senate. Yet on the 16th of December, 1868, just after the election of General Grant upon an anti-repudiation platform, and a general understanding of a prompt return to a sound financial basis, these were the opinions of Mr. Morton:

> "If the currency is depreciated, fluctuating, and deceptive, the prosperity of the country must inevitably be seriously injured, and its general progress and development delayed."
>
> "In whatever country paper has been made a legal tender, it has invariably driven gold and silver from the circulation, and in great part from the country.... Thus it was during the French Revolution, when the *assignats*, a legal-tender currency like our own, drove French gold into all of the neighboring countries, so that when the *assignats* [paper money] finally collapsed, as they did in a single day, France found herself almost destitute of coin."
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> "Why is our currency depreciated? And why would it be depreciated if the government did not owe a single bond? Because the greenback note is a promise by the government to pay so many dollars on demand, which it does not pay. The promise is daily broken, and has long been dishonored. The note draws no interest, and the government has fixed no time when it will pay it. Under such circumstances the note must be depreciated."
>
> "The greenback currency is a part of the public debt, for the redemption of which the faith of the nation is solemnly pledged. The redemption of this pledge is not only demanded by every principle of national honor, but is imperatively demanded by the interests of the people, collectively and individually."
>
> "If the greenback note is to be regarded as an obligation, for the payment of which the faith of the government is pledged, the continued failure of the government to make any provision for its redemption can not be regarded in any other light than repudiation."
>
> "It can not be shown that the legal and moral obligation to pay those bonds [of the United States] at maturity is greater than that resting upon the government to make prompt provision for the redemption of the greenback currency."

This was the faith of the nation. This was the solemn pledge of the Republican party. It was bound by its word to make prompt provision for the redemption of the greenback currency. Under the lead of Mr. Morton in the Senate it has deliberately, in the words of his fellow-leader, Mr. Conkling, refused to do so. The party has, by this vote, passed a bill which "departs from the principles of honesty and solvency." We believe that Mr. Conkling speaks for the great mass of those who have hitherto supported the Republican party, and that Mr. Morton's policy, if it prevails, will certainly destroy that party.

CONNECTICUT.

For the first time in many years Connecticut has decided to send a Democrat to the Senate of the United States. The last Democratic Senator from that State was, we believe, Isaac Toucey, afterward one of the conspirators against the Union in the last Democratic cabinet. The Republican line in New England is thus broken, and, by a curious coincidence, upon the day that the Republican majority in the Senate voted for inflation. The reason is as evident as it was in New Hampshire. It is not local quarrels, nor prohibition, nor a rainy day, nor unpopular candidates. The candidates were excellent, the platform a marvel, the quarrels composed, and the day fair. But the Democratic Governor is re-elected by one or two thousand majority over all, and the Legislature is secured for the Senator. The State is always close; but nobody believes, probably, that in any positive sense, if such a word may be used under the circumstances, it is Democratic. That is to say, it has little sympathy—certainly a majority of the Connecticut voters do not sympathize—with the traditions and the associations of the party of Toucey and Fernando Wood. But as the persons who maintain that organization agree upon no general principles of policy, and made exactly the same demands and professions in their platform which the Republicans made, and as there seemed no chance of their doing any harm by adding one Senator to the minority in the chamber, the Republicans showed that "they did not like the way that things are going."

We are not, however, blind to the significance of the result. It shows that there are members of the Republican party who have become indifferent to its name, and who, wanting honesty and economy of administration, and a revival of political morality, do not see the promise of them in the Republican organization, and therefore do not work for its success. They doubt, probably, whether the better sentiment of the party is likely to regain the ascendency, but they do not therefore suppose that to support the Democratic party is to secure honesty and economy of administration; it is merely to change the hands. Such men will not be absorbed in the Democratic party. They await new combinations. In Massachusetts they are quite ready, we believe, to organize themselves against party associates and abide the result. They are not in that State fighting a man, as is sometimes foolishly alleged, but a system and a tendency. In the Legislature of that State it is enough that the adherents of the corrupt system openly supported Mr. Dawes to alienate from him half of the Republicans.

For New York the moral is plain. The majority of voters in the State is undoubtedly what is called Republican. But nothing is clearer than that "regularity" of nomination will not carry the election. It is not the Republican candidate, as such, who will be successful, but the candidate who is known to the State to be honest, inflexible, intelligent, and not a vehement partisan. Indeed, strong partisanship would harm a candidate, because it would breed suspicion that he would think chiefly of the party, and trust to it exclusively, which is the very source of the existing mischief. There can be no question in New York that Governor Dix should be renominated. His administration, following that of Hoffman, has been like that of Lincoln after Buchanan. The Legislature of this year—elected after the experience of Governor Dix's first year showed that purity and ability united had at last entered the executive chamber—has been, by universal consent, the honestest Legislature of many years. Moreover, Governor Dix is thoroughly known in the State. He would be supported because of that knowledge, not merely because of the nomination. Nor is he a violent partisan who would be suspected of sacrificing his own convictions or the public interest to any supposed party necessity. He is, indeed, the best known, most experienced, and most thoroughly trained public man in the State, who has reached the age at which, with clear and serene judgment, men in his position generally act from the highest motives, and seek the greatest good. Every indication shows that he will be spontaneously nominated by the better sentiment of his party.

The political situation also vigorously admonishes the interest which usually seeks to control the State action of the Administration party that it should be this year exceedingly modest and passive. The voters, whether Republican or Democratic, are in no temper to see those who have been unpleasantly conspicuous in the late moiety and Sanborn revelations assuming to dictate nominations. The best service that this interest can render is not to appear, and to take no hand. Should defeat follow, and they should be inclined to think it due to their absence, they might be reminded that their presence is thought to have secured defeat last year. Indeed, the times are full of political instruction for those who will heed, and of destruction for those who will not.

THE LAST PAPAL PROTEST.

The Pope has issued another encyclical letter. It is addressed to the prelates of Austria, and is leveled at the late laws which have been submitted to the Reichsrath, and which, he alleges, reduce the Church to a position of servility, overthrowing the rights of the Papacy, of the canons, and of all people in communion with Rome. "In effect," says the Pope, "by virtue of these laws the Church of Christ, in almost all its relations and acts relative to the direction of the faithful, is judged and considered completely subordinate, and subjected to the superior power of the secular authorities." It is observable that the Pope is the only clergyman who is perpetually protesting against the conduct of governments in regard to religious affairs. And what is the reason? We have stated it often; and it must be often repeated, because the Pope is constantly putting himself in the attitude of a martyr. The Papacy, the ancient and relentless foe of religious liberty, appeals to the sympathy of the world with the declaration that its spiritual freedom is menaced. Its own crimes, however, do not justify the adoption of its inhuman and cruel policy toward itself. That the Church has burned honest men who differed from it is not a reason that honest men should burn the Pope. Perfect religious liberty is still the divine law and the soundest policy. If Austria is really violating that law, her policy is unwise.

But to judge her position, the facts must be ascertained. The answer to the question why the Pope is now always protesting is to be found in the fact that even Roman Catholic governments are now beginning to throw off his dictation and interference. If the Pope or the hierarchy had been content with their proper sphere, they would have had no trouble with political governments. It is because the Pope has always claimed supreme mundane authority, and has now assumed to be infallible, that there will be a constant contest. His own "patrimony," in which he was a mere usurper, was always the worst governed of civilized states; yet his ceaseless ambition has been universal temporal power. And he has always asserted it under the plea of the religious or spiritual headship of the world. Robertson said, a century ago, "As the spiritual supremacy and temporal power were united in one person, and uniformly aided each other in their operations, they became so blended together that it was difficult to separate them even in imagination. The potentates who found it necessary to oppose the measures which the popes pursued as temporal princes could not divest themselves of the reverence which they imagined to be due to them as heads of the Church and vicars of Jesus Christ."

The secret of the Pope's protests is that he is no longer permitted to erect his own empire within every other empire. There is a very general and deeply founded suspicion that the political policy which is supported in every country by the Roman clergy is the policy which is thought best for the interests of the Church, and that that point is determined by a foreigner. Consequently with every priest the interest of his Church and not of his country, or of the country in which he chances to be stationed, is paramount in his political action. He is loyal, first of all, to a foreign authority. But this foreign ascendency in the state is maintained under religious and ecclesiastical forms. To touch it, therefore, is to appear to constrain religious liberty. But no government will suffer its power to be limited or its freedom affected under a false pretense. It rightfully protects itself. And the foreign power thereupon exclaims that religious liberty and the rights of the Christian Church are assailed. Austria, like Prussia, proposes, as the Pope says, "to dominate the Church." But it is only because it prefers that course to permitting the Church to dominate Austria. It is a contest *à l'outrance*. Since the Church has declared the Pope infallible, it can not complain that it is taken at its word. In the minds of faithful Roman Catholics the opinion of a man who is so favored of Heaven as to be infallible upon the highest subject will be readily accepted upon all others. And if such a man has a certain political policy which he can carry out in any foreign country by means of the machinery of his Church, the authorities of that country will certainly have something to say upon the subject.

The ceaseless contest between the Pope and modern Europe and America is of his own choosing. And as from time to time he raises the cry of persecution, let honest men understand what it means. It is not the Bishop of Rome who is persecuted. It is a foreign political chief, aiming, for instance, as in this country, to subvert an educational system for the benefit of his Church, who is opposed. When Austria, as the Pope says in this encyclical, "fought so valiantly for the Catholic faith in the closest alliance with this apostolical see," and when the Roman clergy controlled the Austrian schools, the Pope had only blessings for Austria. But since the schools have been reformed, and Rome is sternly summoned to take her hands off the empire, Austria, according to the Pope, is wounding the Church of God.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The investigation of the Sanborn contracts up to the time at which we write leaves the Secretary of the Treasury in a position which requires a full and clear explanation or his retirement from office. In his testimony upon the 30th of March the Secretary said that he literally knew nothing about the contracts, that any document or paper which he had signed had been in the ordinary routine of business, and that he had never consulted with his predecessor, Mr. Boutwell, either in regard to the law or the contracts. The Secretary's plea was absolute ignorance. But Mr. Banfield, the Solicitor of the Treasury, upon whom the Secretary and Assistant Secretary had virtually thrown the responsibility, testified on the 8th of April that he consulted with the Secretary upon the law, that the Assistant Secretary made a very earnest appeal to him to stretch the law over cases which Mr. Banfield did not think that it covered, and that he received verbal instructions from the Secretary to prepare the Sanborn contracts. Sanborn also, on the 6th of April, testified that he went to the Secretary for information, and talked with him about the contracts half a dozen times, and that "there can not be any doubt that" the Secretary knew what he was signing.

There can be no question that this is very damaging to the Secretary, and without satisfactory explanation it will be impossible that he should retain the public confidence which should always be reposed in such an officer. The Assistant Secretary's position is no better. He was a member of the Senate when the bill was passed, and apparently interested in its passage. The report of the committee upon the subject can hardly fail to leave both the Secretary and the Assistant in a light which will show them the necessity of resigning. The investigation has revealed at every step the startling want of a manly moral tone in official life. It has shown in all its nakedness the most threatening evil of the times—a sordid view of the public service. The investigations of this winter, the Jayne moieties, the Sanborn contracts, the official complicity, recall the scornful picture of Josiah Quincy in the House of Representatives more than half a century ago: "Why, Sir, we hear the clamor of the craving animals at the Treasury trough here in this Capitol. Such running, such jostling, such wriggling, such clambering over one another's backs, such squealing, because the tub is so narrow and the company so crowded." Is it not time for reform?

A GOOD SIGN.

Among the good fruits of the agitation of the winter at Washington is Mr. Woodford's bill in regard to the salaries and fees of public officers. We do not think that it is wise to place those salaries at the lowest sum for which the offices will be taken. "Poor pay" is merely a bribe and spur to swindling, and the honest, faithful laborer is always worthy of his hire. Public officers, therefore, should be adequately paid, and fidelity and efficiency should be the tenure of their positions. Such a policy is the truest public economy. But they should be paid openly, and there should be a fixed legal salary, not to be swollen indefinitely by fees and moieties and endless emoluments of every kind. The salary of the Collector of New York is $6000. It is not enough. Make it enough, and abolish all fees or other receipts of any kind whatever. Mr. Woodford's bill makes this provision. It permits no officer to receive any emolument except his legal salary, and it prohibits the use of public property for private purposes, thus sweeping away moieties and perquisites. Mr. George F. Hoar proposed an important amendment, which Mr. Woodford accepted, prohibiting the private use by public officers of the labor or services of any person employed by the United States. This is a gross abuse. But it springs from the system of inadequate salaries. It is not to be tolerated, but in removing it the temptation to it and the excuse for it should also be removed. For Congress may be very sure that while the country insists upon economy, it does not demand meanness.

We hope that the committee will add to the bill a provision for abolishing outside moieties also. Any law which promotes "spying" and breeds spies is not to be endured. The supposed benefits of such a law are more than balanced by the immense evils. Better that the government should be cheated of a million of dollars a year than save them by a system which fosters deceit and treachery. Let us not fill the national treasury at the expense of national morals. If skilled detectives do not sharpen their wits until they are aroused by a huge share of the sum to be recovered, it is only because of the evil practice that has prevailed. And the Government, at least, should refuse to countenance it. Mr. Ellis H. Roberts's bill, while it aims in the right direction, does not seem to be sufficiently guarded. No officer of the government should be paid more than a liberal and reasonable salary for doing all his duty. His tie to the public service should not be exclusively selfish and pecuniary. With the abolition of outside moieties added, the passage of Mr. Woodford's bill would be one of the most cheering signs of a Republican revival.

SAMANA BAY.

The sudden end of the Samana Bay Treaty does not seem to pain the public mind or to excite any profound emotion. Yet the ostensible object of the company was certainly a good one, namely, to promote emigration and settlement in a rich and virtually unpeopled country. We have not heard of any torrent of emigration, however, and there was always a general feeling that as Mr. Fabens has devoted himself to the annexation of San Domingo to the United States, and as Mr. Fabens was very prominent in the new company, there was undoubtedly some purpose or expectation of ultimate annexation. The facts of the rupture are simple. The grant was made by Baez. It was ratified by Gonzales, the chief of the new government. The company was to pay an annual rent of $150,000 upon the 1st of January; but the last payment was delayed by request of the provisional government of Gonzales. This request, Gonzales says, was to prevent payment to the Baez government. Pending this delay, Gonzales drew upon the company for $12,000, and his bills were protested, the company probably thinking that money paid to a provisional revolutionary government might be money lost. But the Gonzales authorities say that they informed the company, at the time of drawing the bills, that the reasons for withholding the rent had ceased, and that the new government was established. Upon receiving the protested bills Gonzales annulled the treaty. The company deny that the new authorities were installed, and plead a heavy offset to the demand of the government.

And there are other facts. Mr. British Consul-General St. John, of Port-au-Prince, in Hayti, had dropped in at Samana Bay in her Majesty's ship *Woodlark*, and upon his departure went smoothly along to the city of San Domingo, and proposed a treaty between the new government and Hayti. The chief conditions were the cession to Hayti of the disputed frontier, in which Cabral has been so long operating, and the annulling of the Samana Bay Treaty. Then, if the Dominican government acquiesced, it should receive a handsome loan, payable at convenience, without interest, from Hayti; "or," as the company parenthetically remarks, in full view of Mr. British Consul-General St. John and of her Majesty's ship *Woodlark*—"or from England!" In other words, and the fewest possible, it is suggested that England bribes Gonzales to abrogate the treaty made with American citizens! What England would gain for her money is not mentioned. Two years ago it was stated that Bismarck was hostile to our San Domingo projects. Both stories have probably the same foundation.

There is no ground of appeal to our government. The company made its bargains at its own risk, with no other claim upon the government than that of every American citizen in a foreign land. If it has been cheated, it will not forget that Mr. Sumner described Baez, with whom it treated, as a "jockey." It was freely said when the treaty was made that it was a blind, and an excuse to involve the government, and there may be some effort to excite feeling. But such a course would but confirm the suspicion, and deepen the public disgust with all the San Domingo performances. The day of "manifest destiny" has happily passed with that of slavery, for the benefit of which it was extolled.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XIV.

We waited with a natural interest in the gallery of the House of Lords for the first meeting of the new Parliament that is to rule over two hundred millions of mankind. In the magnificent chamber, rich with gilding, painting, the portraits of kings and queens, and the traits of a boundless opulence, there is nothing to remind one that he is in a land of freedom, where the people may be supposed to rule. The House of Lords is so small as to seem exclusive and disdainful of all appeals to popularity. There is no room any where for the public, except seats for a few peeresses, a diplomatic gallery, and another at the end where strangers are sometimes admitted. But the richly colored roof, the radiant windows, and every space and corner seem filled with emblems that are designed to recall the days when savage Edwards and Henrys wasted the poor earnings of their people in ceaseless warfare, when great lords robbed at will the sorrowing realm, and when the Commons were what they now affect to be—the helpless serfs of a despotic system. For it is the duty of the Lower House to present itself humbly at the bar of the House of Lords at each new meeting of Parliament, to crave permission from the Queen to elect its Speaker, and to ask, in abject language, that its members may be allowed during its session freedom of speech and security from personal violence. The fair hall is the natural scene of the mediæval comedy. At one end rises the gilded thrones of Victoria and her sons. Around and above gleam out from the crimson-tinted light the fierce countenances of her distant ancestors, the demi-gods of English history. Below are the seats for the Lord Chancellor, the commissioners who supply the Queen's place, and the long range of dukes, earls, and barons who have assumed titles and honors that were once won and worn by Norman robbers and Saxon chiefs. As the rich light fell on the almost vacant chamber, one might readily people it with the Bohuns and De Veres, the Fitz Alans and De Ros, whose battle-axes rang in many a tournament, whose amusements were scenes of bloodshed and strife, whose barbarous passions and evil natures were only sated in the mad excitement of the battle-field.

Most men "are childish even in the best things till they be cradled in their graves," wrote Sir Philip Sidney; and there is still a mediæval taste among some classes of the English for processions, ceremonies, gaudy robes, and unmeaning splendor that has faded out in almost every other nation. One might suppose that the manly grandeur of a Hampden and a Milton might long ago have banished from among their countrymen any notion of dignity but that of the simple majesty of virtue. Yet it would perhaps be scarcely in keeping with the florid decorations of the House of Lords that the actors in its ceremonies should be clothed in plain attire; and precisely at the proper hour the Lord Chancellor, gleaming through the dim light in a scarlet robe that King Koffee might have envied, and followed by four noble lords as brilliantly arrayed as himself, took his seat on the woolsack below the glittering and empty throne. A throng of peeresses meanwhile had swept into their accustomed places. They were stately, graceful, and well-bred, plainly dressed in dark colors, some in the dawn of youthful beauty, and some robust and ruddy with maturer years. The peers' seats were only partly filled. Not many dukes, earls, and barons had assembled to witness the enfranchisement of the Commons. And those who were present, in their common dress, seemed scarcely superior in personal appearance and manners to the majority of educated Englishmen. A Bohun or a De Vere was possibly of a more commanding presence. One or two bishops wandered into the house in lawn sleeves, and were apparently ill at ease. The Chancellor and the commissioners seemed to find the woolsack no comfortable seat.

But suddenly there was a stir at the end of the room, and a throng of England's real masters came crowding up to the bar. The Commons, like a flock of school-boys, filled all the passage to the House of Peers. There was no humility in their looks. They were evidently full of glee that they had secured their elections, that their speeches and their money had not been wasted upon ungrateful constituencies. Their predecessors may have approached the foot of the throne in the days of Elizabeth or of Henry VIII., of Plantagenet and Tudor, with the consciousness that a very slight indiscretion of speech or of conduct might consign them to Newgate, and be followed by a confiscation of all their goods, and a speedy execution on Tower Hill. It was with a real sense of their abject condition that the representatives of the people once kissed the earth before their rude, disdainful masters. But with the modern House only the shadow of its former subjection remains, and perhaps some traces of its ancient adoration of royalty and nobility. Yet the existence of the ceremony still serves to show that all the privileges of the nation have been extorted from their rulers by an appliance of no gentle force, that the Crown and the Lords are still in theory the source of all political power, and that the supremacy of the people has never yet been acknowledged in England. The ceremony was brief. The clerk of the Lords, in a sonorous tone that poor Cowper could never assume, and with a profusion of bows to the Lords Commissioners, read a formal paper; the Chancellor, in flaming robes, requested the Commons to name a Speaker; they disappeared down the narrow passage; the commissioners glided away in great pomp; the peers and peeresses stole by in the gloom: the Parliament was assembled.

From the gilded chamber of the House of Lords I went along passages lined with historical paintings that already seem somewhat faded, to the larger and plainer room where the People are supposed to express their will. The paintings on the walls of the passage represent the opposing schools of political opinion. On one side the Commons are seen rising against the tyranny of Charles I., and opposite he is borne away by a few faithful followers through the chill wintry landscape to his unhonored burial. On one panel the Puritan element of reform is illustrated in vivid sketches, on another Charles II. is seen landing, amidst an applauding people, to bring back to England the follies and crimes of the past. One can scarcely approach the famous assembly without remembering how often the fate of human progress has hung upon its debates; how Hampden spoke with gentle and persuasive eloquence the first complaints of freedom, and went to die in its defense; how Cromwell destroyed its enemies; how the whole history of the nations of Englishmen from Australia to Nootka Sound centres around that brief period of moral and political revival when church and state were crushed together by the iron hand of a reforming Parliament. It is almost with a sense of humiliation that one returns from the survey of the earnest and devoted thinkers of the past to the feeble politics of the present; to that thoughtless exultation with which English statesmen congratulate the nation on its surplus income wrung from the poor wages of the laboring masses; to the indifference with which they overlook the wants of the people; to London clothed in the mock garlands of a wild festivity while a large proportion of its inhabitants are lost in hopeless destitution.

The members of the Lower House showed great moderation and decorum. They re-elected the former Speaker, although he belonged to the Liberal minority, so impartial and acceptable had been his ruling. The crowded assembly is not so reserved as many of our legislative bodies. All was animation and decorous excitement. Its members cheer, applaud, groan, and hiss in the ardor of their attention. A wave of impulse is constantly passing over the throng. It is never at rest. The narrow and imperfectly constructed room is unfit for any display of animated eloquence. The tone of each speaker is nearly conversational; yet Mr. Gladstone's graceful manner and sonorous voice might still remind one of that long line of English leaders, from Pym and Hampden to Chatham or Peel, who have kept alive the art of impressive oratory. He had taken his seat for the first time at the front of the opposition benches. His chief and successful opponent was not present. But for six years the two political champions have sat opposite to each other, separated only by a narrow space, and night after night, with little remission, have watched out the long and sometimes dreary debates, until the early hours of the morning dismissed the few lingering members to their homes. At length the keen and watchful Conservative has expelled his opponent from his well-known place.

On another day the newly chosen Speaker, followed by a throng of the Commons, appeared again at the bar of the House of Lords, and obtained the gracious permission of the sovereign to discuss the wants of the people without molestation or personal danger. There is, indeed, no want of topics of discussion for the new House. There is a broad and almost limitless expanse of ignorance to be swept away; an immense mass of uncultivated human beings to be transformed into civilized men; a perpetual famine in England to be provided against, as well as in Bengal; a popular discontent with many feudal restrictions and many cruel laws that can not longer be overlooked. A free discussion of these and similar topics may well animate the debates of the Commons with unaccustomed fire, and rouse anew the intellect and the energy of England. He who could spread ease among its laboring classes, and equal rights among its people, would perpetuate that marvelous prosperity which has sprung from the past twenty years of only partial and imperfect reforms.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Congressional work of the week ending on the 11th inst. may be briefly summed up as follows: After much discussion of the Finance Bill, the Senate on the 6th inst. gave its vote in favor of inflation. The bill as adopted provides for an issue of $400,000,000 of legal-tender notes, which is $18,000,000 more than is now in circulation, and an increase of $46,000,000 of national bank notes. The entire increase of paper circulation over the amount of circulation prior to the panic is $90,000,000. The whole amount authorized is $800,000,000, exclusive of $50,000,000 of fractional currency, which is within $100,000,000 of the largest amount which the most extravagant of the inflationists demanded at the beginning of the session. On the day following the Finance Committee was discharged from the further consideration of the subject. The House discussed the financial bill for several days, but beyond the adoption of amendments did nothing definitely.—In the Senate, on the 8th inst., Mr. Carpenter gave notice that he would on the 13th inst. call up his bill for a new election in Louisiana.

Governor Dix on the 7th inst. sent a message to the New York Legislature, calling the attention of that body to the action of Congress on the financial question, and recommending the Senate and Assembly to enter a protest against the adoption of measures looking to an inflation of the national currency. The Legislature adopted resolutions in accordance with the Governor's recommendation.

The Connecticut State election was held on the 6th inst. Ingersoll, the Democratic candidate, was chosen Governor by a majority of about two thousand. The new Legislature is also largely Democratic.

The Mississippi Legislature has passed a bill, which has been approved by the Governor, providing that no license to sell liquor shall be granted unless the petition for it is signed by a majority of males over twenty-one and females over eighteen years of age in any city, town, or township.

Ex-Judge J. W. Edmonds, the distinguished jurist, died in this city on the 5th inst., aged seventy-five years.

Neil Gilmour, of Saratoga, has been elected Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York.

Governor Dix has signed the bill amending the general banking law so as to permit the establishment of banks with $50,000 capital in places of six thousand inhabitants or less.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The provisional government of San Domingo has declared the Samana Bay Convention null and void. The Commissioners protest against the summary act as arbitrary and illegal, and demand an arbitration upon the matters in dispute.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Olinda has been condemned and sentenced by the Brazilian government to four years' imprisonment for disobeying the civil laws.

Six of the prisoners charged with the murder of Rev. Mr. Stephens, the American missionary in Mexico, have been condemned to death.

The Curé of Santa Cruz, recently arrested in France, has been acquitted of violation of the neutrality laws and discharged, but he is forbidden to remain in the country.

The French Transatlantic Company's steamer *Europe* foundered at sea on the 4th inst. All the passengers and crew were rescued by the steamer *Greece*, and brought to this port.

Concha, the new Captain-General of Cuba, has issued a proclamation promising to take strong measures to put an end to the rebellion, diminish public expenses, and restore prosperity to the island.

The Paris *Temps* prints the text of a dispatch from the Austrian Premier, Von Beust, to Prince Metternich, Austrian minister at Paris, dated July, 1870, saying, "We consider the cause of France as our own, but the alliance of Russia and Prussia prevents the armed intervention of Austria."

The sovereignty of the Feejee Islands has been formally tendered to Great Britain.

The steam-boiler of a factory in Hamilton, near Glasgow, exploded on the 9th inst. with terrible effect. A large portion of the boiler was driven several hundred feet through the air, and crushed into a school-house full of children. Three of the children were instantly killed, and thirty are reported more or less injured.

Jean Luie and Captain Brown, witnesses for the Tichborne claimant, have been convicted of perjury, and sentenced to five and seven years' imprisonment respectively.

The German government has accepted an amendment to the Army Bill proposed by the Liberal members, limiting the total strength of the army to 401,000, and the period of service to seven years.

Rochefort and his party sailed from Melbourne, Australia, on the 11th inst.

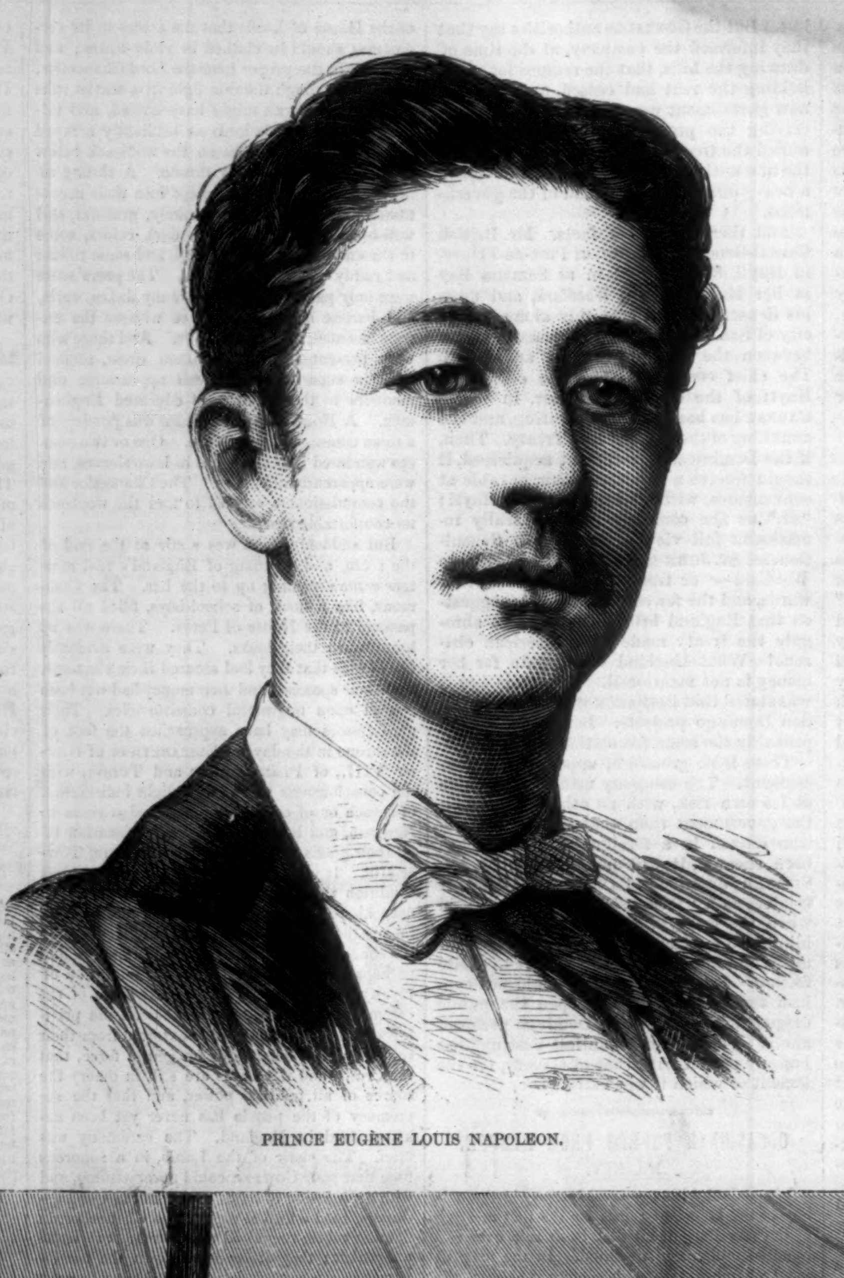
The London *Times's* Calcutta correspondent telegraphs that distress from famine is increasing in Tirhoot, and that, according to the official estimates, 4,573,000 persons in the districts of Patna, Chazeepore, and Rajeshahye are still suffering from starvation.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

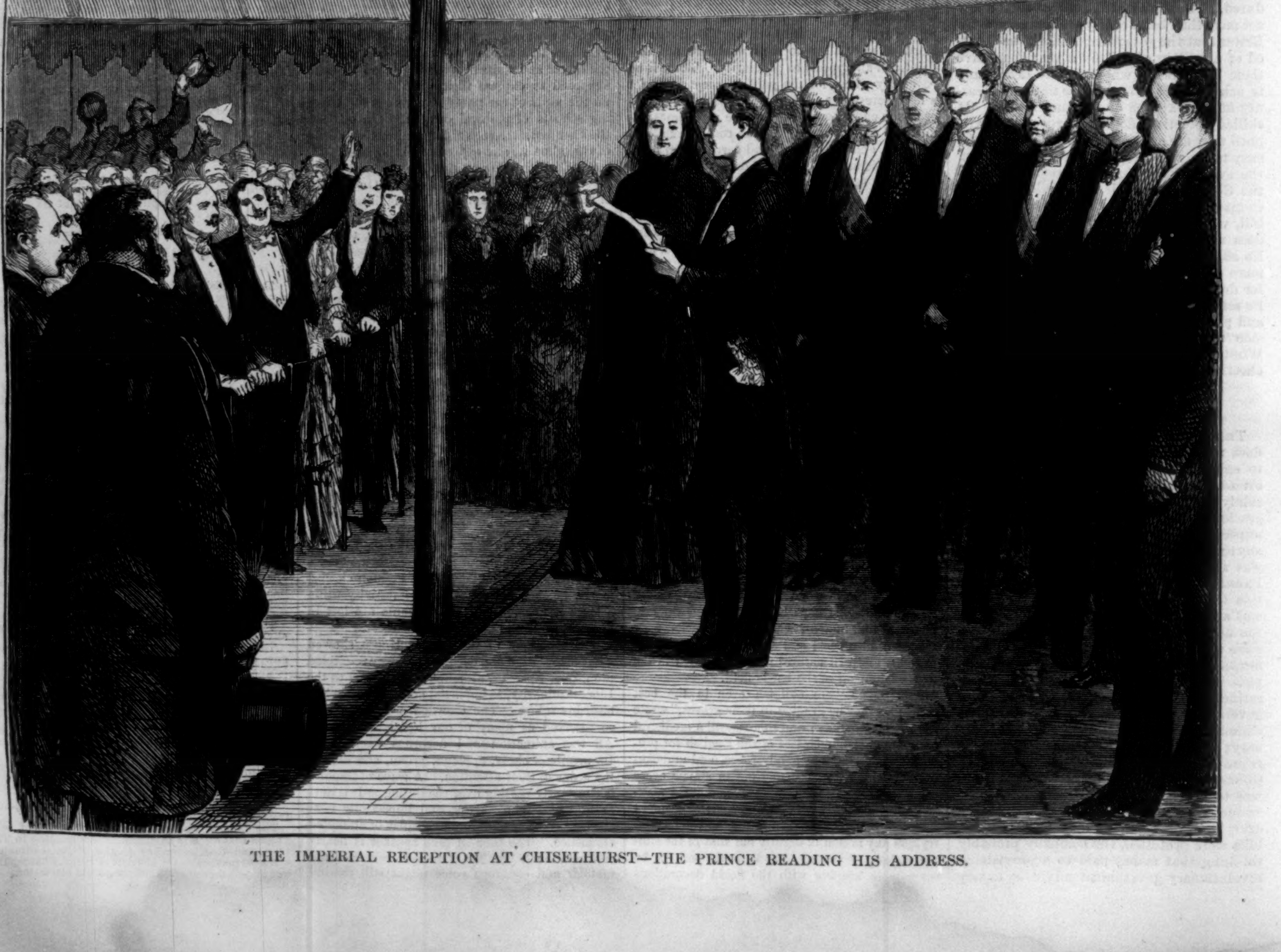
The imperial gathering held at Chiselhurst on the 16th of March to celebrate the majority of the Prince Imperial was an imposing demonstration. The adherents of exiled princes are rarely numerous enough to fill a moderate-sized drawing-room, but on this occasion they assembled in thousands—princes, princesses, ex-ministers, ex-prefects, ex-officials of every degree; and that modest, dark-hued little flower, which has been selected to typify the fortunes of the Bonapartists, appeared in every lady's hand and in every gentleman's button-hole. Whatever we may think of the gathering and the occasion, those who took part in the proceedings were evidently in earnest. They came from every province, from every county, almost from every town, of France. Even far-off Corsica had sent its deputation. And it was impossible, says one who was present, for one who watched the emotion with which the members of these deputations presented themselves to the Prince and the Empress, and offered them their vows of fealty, to question the sincerity and the depth of their devotion.

The proceedings of the day opened with a Low Mass, in the little church of St. Mary, in the mortuary chapel attached to which the remains of the late Emperor are deposited. Then a brief address was delivered in French by Father Goddard. He dwelt on the virtues and misfortunes of the late Emperor, and concluded with a pathetic tribute to the widowed Empress, who sat before him. After this the imperial family and household visited the mortuary chapel, where is the sarcophagus containing the Emperor's body, and then returned to Camden House. The gates were opened, and five or six thousand persons, almost all French, poured in and surrounded the mansion. The pavilion in which the address of congratulation was to be read gradually filled. Presently shouts were heard, and then the Empress appeared, leaning on the arm of her son. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her face wore that expression of profound sadness which has now become habitual. The Prince Imperial, who looked fresh and healthy, wore ordinary evening dress, with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, and the Silver Star on his left breast. Then the Duc de Padoue mounted a raised platform, which had been erected at one end of the pavilion, and read an address, which was received with hearty cheers. To this the Prince replied, reading his speech with much feeling, and in a deep, manly voice, so that his words were distinctly heard in all parts of the long tent. We need not here comment either on the address or on the Prince's reply. It is sufficient to state that the latter was interrupted by frequent acclamations. After this the Prince received the deputations, which came from every department of France to congratulate him. Luncheon followed, which was served in the dining-room for the Senators, Prefects, and Deputies; and in the tent for the deputations and other visitors. About four o'clock the company began to return to town, and by seven Chiselhurst had regained much of its usual tranquillity.

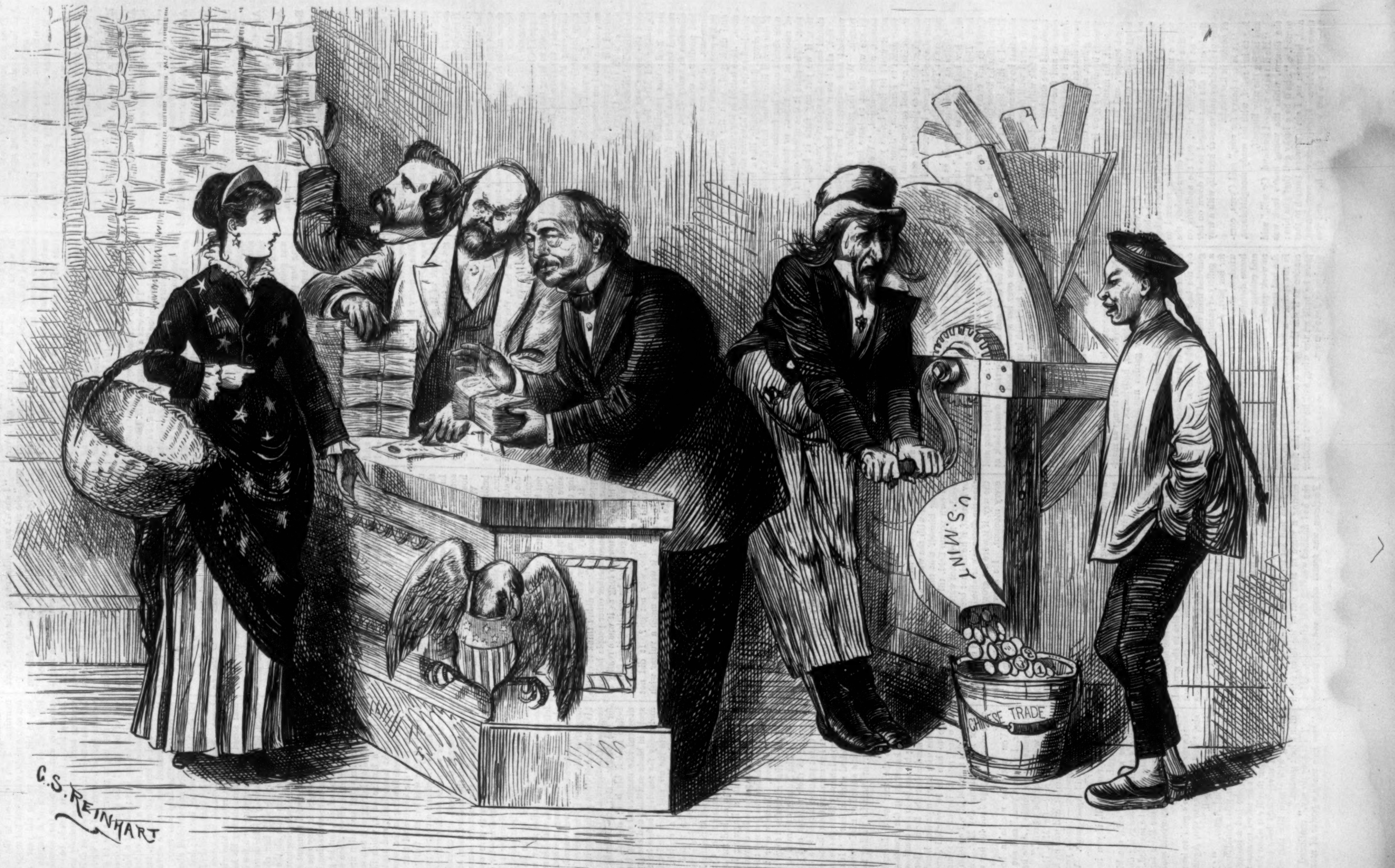
The Prince Imperial was born March 16, 1856, and has consequently, according to Bonapartist regulations, now attained his technical majority. For some years his health was very delicate, but improved greatly when he was about eleven years of age. He was present at the capture of Saarbrück on the 2d of August, 1870, when the Emperor, in a well-remembered bulletin, described how his son had received his "baptism of fire," and how he had picked up a bullet that fell near him. The delusive success of Saarbrück was followed by a series of crushing disasters, and after the capitulation of Sedan and the revolution of the 4th of September, the young Prince escaped to Belgium, crossed from Ostend to Dover on the 6th of September, and proceeded to Hastings, where, three days later, he was joined by the Empress. Since then he has lived with his parents at Camden House, has been entered as a pupil at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, where at a recent examination he received the highest number of marks awarded. His appearance is thus described by the correspondent of the New York *World*, who was present at Chiselhurst to witness the imperial demonstration. When the Prince came in sight "a great cry arose from the crowd; for the first time in his life this young man who to-day had attained his eighteenth year heard himself acclaimed as Cæsar. 'Vive l'Empereur!' was the cry, and it was taken up and echoed and re-echoed by the crowd that lined the way to the church, until the shout almost drowned the merry clangor of the bells of the Protestant parish church, which at this moment began to ring a welcome. I was standing close to the side of the carriage as, owing to the density of the crowd, it paused until way could be made for it, and I looked narrowly at the Prince to observe the effect which these acclamations might have on him. He had taken off his hat to bow; his face certainly flushed, perhaps with pride, perhaps with humility. It is no common face—he is yet so young that no one can tell what there may be in him—but it is the face of one who has confidence in himself and in his 'star.' Throughout the whole of the day he bore himself with dignity, composure, and grace."



PRINCE EUGÈNE LOUIS NAPOLEON.



THE IMPERIAL RECEPTION AT CHISELHURST—THE PRINCE READING HIS ADDRESS.



RAGS FOR OUR WORKING-MEN—SPECIE FOR THE FOREIGNERS.

COLUMBIA. "Dear me, I do think it very wrong that the good nice Trade Dollar (worth one hundred cents) should be sent out of the country for the benefit of the 'heathen Chinee.' For if these gentlemen are permitted to have their own way, it will take a basketful of their Greenbacks (worth ——?) to buy a dinner for my children."

GRANDMOTHER GREY.

Grandmother Grey by the window sat,
And looked at the setting sun,
And watched the cows as they slowly came
From the pasture one by one;
And back again to the "long ago"
Her memory traveled fast,
While the dim eyes closed as she lived again
'Mid scenes of the happy past.

"Let me see," she murmured: "ah, yes, I know;
It was there by the pasture gate
That Robin with milking pail and stool
For my coming used to wait.
It was just a week of our wedding-day
That he fell so sick—and died:
And I laid my heart in the grave with him,
And loved none other beside.

"But ah! it was for my father's sake
That I wedded Farmer Grey,
And we've both been tender and true and kind
As the years have slipped away.
But I wonder much when the hour comes
That my soul be called above,
Shall I, as the wife of Farmer Grey,
Seek Robin, my only love?"

And the sun went down in the golden West,
And the cows came safely home,
As Grandmother Grey by the window sat,
While her thoughts seemed yet to roam.
But the angels came for her waiting soul
While the twilight shadows fell,
And Grandmother Grey, the farmer's wife,
With Robin has gone to dwell.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

Cyrus Ferriston and his mother were all that remained of the family. They lived together in a snug farm-house in a district so rural that it hadn't so much as a name; it had only a number—Township Number One. People below, in the adjoining farming villages, spoke of it and its neighbors as The Numbers. It might have been supposed to be the outskirts of civilization—its frontier; for the nearest neighbor was five miles away, the only religious exercises were held in Deacon Crocket's kitchen, three miles further off, while there was ten miles between them and the doctor. Cyrus was an energetic fellow, who farmed in summer and logged in the winter, that is, he usually took a contract to bring the drive of logs down from the woods; therefore he had been in the habit of borrowing Farmer Hutton's daughter Jane to keep his mother company and help her about the house, for a small consideration. Sometimes, too, Jane staid on through the summer, or returned for the harvesting when it was heavy; and at such times Cyrus always observed that his butter and cheese found a more ready market; that the house was more cheerful and better kept—for old Mrs. Ferriston was one of the slack kind; that provisions went further and relished better. But for all this he felt no inclination to marry Jane, as folks at Wheatfield had predicted when she first went up to The Numbers. Jane was called plain; and Cyrus had a prepossession that *his* wife should be rosy and dark-eyed, with the smile that conquers men. Jane halted in her gait the least bit in the world—*his* wife should have the step of a panther. She always dressed soberly, like a brown leaf, as if she would like to melt into the landscape—*his* wife should carry her fascination into the knot of ribbon at her throat, or the slipper on her foot. Therefore it was utterly out of the question, if we put any faith in logic, that Jane should become the wife of Cyrus.

But, alas! as it often happens, she had not wintered and summered at The Numbers for naught. When the neighbors had hectored her as she was about to leave home for the first season, and prophesied, "Well, Jane, I dare say it won't be long before you'll be changing your name to Ferriston," Jane had laughed at the notion, and had reckoned that Cyrus hadn't enough schooling to please her, and had thought that she could never be reconciled to spending her days in The Numbers.

"Folks as held their heads as high as you, miss, hev hed ter come ter it," they answered her. But when she became acquainted with Cyrus in his every-day life and thought, she found that he knew more than she had dreamed. He had a little library of books on a swinging shelf that he had made with his own hands, and had carved with deers' heads and oak leaves; he could talk with her about the heroes of Plutarch and the empires of the Old World, about election and free-will, and seemed to enjoy it. Jane had a taste for those things; and so it happened that as she saw Cyrus in his daily comings and goings, stripped of disguises, in his genial fireside humor, he grew in her favor unawares; in short, his manly attributes, his kindliness and good temper, and his handsome face won her heart without an effort on either side. He had so grown into her affections that one day when she overheard Deacon Smiley joking him about Agnes Price, her prophetic soul stirred in her with a mighty throe. Every thing seemed to revolve before her eyes—the churn-dasher, the tins on the kitchen wall, and the andirons on the hearth; she was obliged to sit down on her way to the dairy and recover herself, with a tray of butter in her hands.

"It is too heavy for you," said Cyrus, coming to her relief, with his ready thoughtfulness, and taking the tray himself.

"He'll make a good husband, Cy will," said the deacon, while the young man's back was turned. "She'll be a lucky gell that gits him; and, between us, I ain't noways partial to that there Aggy Price. Highty tighty!—now, Jennie, why didn't *you* set your cap for him, and you right here at hand? 'Twould hev bin as easy as lyin'!"

"Would it?" laughed Jane, out of the depth of her silent misery.

Of course Jane should have left off loving Cyrus after this; but she didn't; and naturally he was as blind as others of his sex, and never guessed what an ache it gave plain Jane Hutton when he dressed up in his Sunday best, with the neck-tie she had made him on his birthday, and rode off to pay his court to Agnes Price, five miles across the country. She was always awake when he let himself in at midnight, and went tiptoeing to his room, and she lay wondering how it must seem to be loved by a man after your own heart. Her life seemed to promise to be all November weather. But though The Numbers were so isolated, they had their merry-makings. There was a quilting at Mrs. Deacon Crocket's in Number Two, or a husking at Farmer Dusenbury's in Wheatfield, or a haying-bee at Deacon Smiley's, with dancing in the well-swept barn, hung with lanterns, in the evening; and there were camp-meeting days, and now and then there was a wedding; and no distance was too far to travel, and Cyrus always harnessed old Dapple, and took Jane along with him, as Agnes would be going with her brothers; or sometimes, if the road led that way, he would call for Miss Agnes, and Jane would sit on the back seat of the wagon, and only guess at what was going on before her in the twilight, hugging her pain in loneliness of heart. Nobody knew but Jane was just as happy as the others who danced *Chorus Jigs* and *College Hornpipes;* nobody ever would have known. Sometimes there was a preacher on the circuit, who went about from one Number to another holding meetings, and Cyrus and his mother and Jane put on their best, and went the rounds too; and Cyrus and Agnes helped at the singing, and lingered after the benediction. One week the preacher staid at Ferriston Farm, and asked Jane to marry him; and though Mrs. Ferriston was sorry to part with her, yet she advised Jane to think of it seriously, and went so far as to get Cyrus to talk with her about it. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Jane was sick in bed till the preacher left The Numbers.

"Dear sakes!" said Mrs. Ferriston, "if it's going to keel Jane over like this every time she has a beau, the fewer the better. Girls didn't used to take it to heart so."

"On the whole," remarked Cyrus, "I'm glad she didn't take to him. It's selfish, but how could we get on without her just yet?"

"I suppose you'll be bringin' a wife home one of these days. It's a pity you couldn't hev taken a likin' to Jane yourself, and she right handy in the house, and knowin' all our ins and outs, and no fault to find."

"'Choose the one that you love best;
Suit yourself, you'll suit the rest,'"

sang Cyrus. "Jane wouldn't have me, either."

"That's for *you* to say," returned his mother, thinking that the girl was unborn who would refuse her Cyrus.

Well, at one time they had Miss Agnes Price up at Number One to make a visit, and to let her see how the land lay; and at first words weren't big enough to express her satisfaction. But she used to laugh at Jane's old-fashioned way of dressing her hair and cutting her gowns; and when Jane and Cyrus got talking upon their favorite themes, she would put on her bonnet and be off for a walk, and Cyrus would naturally follow without delay.

She wasn't happy unless Cyrus was praising her dress or herself, unless there were young folks invited over from the other Numbers and from Wheatfield for a frolic, or they were going abroad to some merry-making; and when nobody was present but themselves, she would amuse herself taking off the folks who spoke in the last revival meeting, showing how Elder Prosy at Wheatfield, conscious in the midst of a long prayer that the candles on the desk needed snuffing, groped for them with his eyes shut, snuffed them out between his thumb and finger, and threw the red-hot ends into a brother's new hat on the deacon seat, and wrung his hands at this foretaste of damnation; then she would follow this episode with singing *Coronation* gutturally like Deacon Crocket, and nasally like old Mrs. Quaver, and relate how Deacon Crocket always omitted the blessing when they had pudding and milk for tea; and Mrs. Ferriston would look at Agnes over her spectacles, and shake her head in protest, but laugh in spite of herself. But by-and-by my lady began to suggest improvements in the house: there might be a wing built out here, the roof might be raised, the yard needed a new picket-fence; whoever heard of a house without a flower garden?

"I thought we had one, eh, Jane?" said Cyrus.

"Where ignorance is bliss!" returned Agnes. "Nobody has such old-fashioned things as marigolds, bachelor's-buttons, hollyhocks, and love-lies-bleeding in their garden nowadays: every body laughs at 'em."

"I suppose the Lord made 'em," objected Mrs. Ferriston; and then Agnes openly confessed that she should die of the landscape papering on the best room, which Mrs. Ferriston had guarded from the flies for years as if it had been a gallery of paintings by the first masters; and, for her part, Agnes declared, looking out at the window, she hated to see nice fields about a house disfigured with vulgar-looking pumpkins and cabbages. After she went home Cyrus set to work quietly making some of the alterations she had suggested—for they were to be married in the spring—asking Jane's opinion and co-operation as if she had been a sister. In the first place he built on the wing, and he cut another window in Jane's room.

"You'll be able to see to prink better, Jennie," said he; "or maybe," on second thought—"maybe you'd rather have a room in the new wing? Take your choice;" for Jane's parents were dead, and she had now been living year in and year out at The Numbers.

"I sha'n't want either one or the other, thank you," she answered.

"Why not, I should like to know? Are you going to swing in a hammock among the trees?"

"I'm going to seek my fortunes," she laughed, because she felt more like crying.

"Going away from here, Jennie!" he cried, dropping the hammer with which he had been driving nails. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know—somewhere." He paused a moment, as if he was trying to understand her, and perhaps his eyes were opened a crack; then he picked up the hammer and resumed his work.

"I never thought of such a thing, Jane"—between the blows. "There's no need of it. At least you'll stay—till—till—spring?"

"Yes, I will stay till Agnes comes," she answered.

The winter set in early that season, and Cyrus went, as usual, into the woods logging, leaving his mother with Jane for company, and a small boy to clear the paths and look after the stock. Few but those who live there know what a winter in The Numbers is like, when the snow hedges you about, week out and week in, and a passing team is so rare as to bring the household from kitchen or attic to watch it out of sight, and the wind whistles over miles of uninhabited country with nothing to impede it; when there is nothing to break the monotony of the long frosty days, which the almanac says are short, but homely duties, and the promise of seed-time and harvest. It seems then as if no sun were potent enough to melt the mountainous drifts, built as miraculously as the coral reefs; and at midnight you wake up suddenly, and hear the wolves howling in the woods close at hand, and find their tracks about the sheep-pen next morning, and remember with a shudder that there isn't an able-bodied man on the premises. In such circumstances one needs to have vast resources in one's self to be in harmony with one's household and one's destiny.

When Seth Price joined Cyrus's camp, a week before Christmas, he carried him a line from Agnes, saying that she should expect him down to watch the new year in and the old year out at the watch-meeting, if he loved her. Esther Smiley had offered to lay a wager that he wouldn't put himself out so much, and even Mrs. Deacon Crocket had said it wasn't likely, seeing he was sure of her; but she had set her heart upon showing them how much he cared for her.

It isn't every lover who could resist such an appeal, and though Cyrus didn't think it of the least consequence whether other people believed in his love or not, so long as it was a reality to himself and Agnes, yet he was doubtless flattered by her earnest desire for his presence, and if it would please her, why not go? It did not occur to him that it was as much a vulgar wish to make a parade of his regard for her as a desire to see him. It happened very luckily, however, Cyrus thought—and perhaps most people would agree with him—that the camp had run short of molasses, and one of the men was detailed to take a team and go to Wheatfield for a supply—for what was coffee without molasses? He started on the last day of December, and Cyrus with him, and he dropped Cyrus where the roads diverged, one leading into Wheatfield, and the other to The Numbers. There was a matter of ten or twelve miles between Cyrus and the Price farm when he left the team, but he had often walked further with a load of produce for market. The distance didn't strike him as being of any consequence; he had all his life been used to mile-stones. It had begun to snow some time before, gently, as if it meant no harm, and Cyrus was used to snow, too. But presently the wind changed and blew roughly, and tossed the flakes into his eyes, and the flakes themselves grew bigger and thicker, till they clogged his steps and blinded his sight and obliterated every landmark. Still he trudged forward, cheering himself with the warm welcome before him, assuring himself that the way was as familiar as his own potato field, till by-and-by he began to wonder if he were not watching the old year out by himself, if he had not been longer on the road than the distance warranted, if he had not missed the way, if it were not growing colder and darker every moment. He knew about as well where he was as if he had traveled into Nova Zembla, or had been cast away on an iceberg. He paused, and rested against the bole of a tree to collect his wits. There was no use in proceeding further on the wrong road. In coming to this decision he naturally sat down by the way to reflect which was the right one. He did not reflect long. Lovely images and colors floated before his mind's eye. He had reached the farm, and there was a great back-log blazing on the hearth for him, and brown eyes looking into his, and tender tones in his ears. Then he came to himself with a start, and sat upright, peering into the black night, upon which the storm seemed an inscription in an unknown tongue, waked by the rending of some great limb from the tree above him, which had fallen and pinned him to the ground. The dangers of his situation were too evident for conjecture. He would be frozen stiff before cock-crow, even if he were not dead of the blow first. Through the storm and the darkness he called for help, without daring to hope for it, put all his waning strength and despair into a few imploring cries, and fell benumbed with pain, with one leg crushed and broken. It looked very much as if he would bear the old year company.

Jane had sat up later than usual that night, cutting a piece of stuff out of the loom, which she had finished weaving that afternoon. Mrs. Ferriston was sound asleep, and the farm-boy had gone to the watch-meeting; and as Jane raked up the coals on the hearth, she wondered if Cyrus was holding watch with Agnes—who had boasted that she would bring him down from heaven if she wanted him—and if he would be coming home to kiss his mother in the early morning. Then she went to the door to look out at the night, which was not more lonely than she, to bid adieu to the old year: and was it the shriek of the wind or a human voice that smote her ears?—a voice that sounded strangely like his. Oh, if it should be! if he were needing her! At least somebody on that lonely waste was in trouble, perhaps dying. If she went to her safe warm bed and waited for daylight, she might never be able to get that cry out of her ears! So she raked open the coals and piled on the logs; she set a lighted candle in the window; she put a flask of brandy in her pocket and a bunch of matches, took her lantern, and pushed out into the storm, with answering cries that help was near. The wind slapped in her face and shrieked about her ears till she half misdoubted herself; but destiny led her to where Cyrus lay, not a quarter of a mile from home. She was down on her knees beside him in the drift instantly, rubbing him with the snow that sifted about him, chafing his hands in her own soft palms, struggling with the imprisoning bough, letting the brandy trickle down his throat, warming him into life with her cheek against his, and calling to him with all the tenderness in her soul, with all the endearing names that love invents; for in that awful moment she had forgotten that he belonged to any one but herself. Perhaps, in the gradual re-awakening, he may have caught the meaning of this, but he gave no sign of it. By her frantic efforts Jane succeeded in removing the limb that had fallen upon him, and having pushed and dragged it to a safe distance, she made a bonfire of it, which illumined the ghastly night fantastically, and kept the wolves at bay that were howling in the woods near. It was only then she discovered that his leg was broken! There was but one thing to do, however: she provided him a counterpane of spruce boughs, as warm as wool, gathered dry fagots in the edge of the woods, and extended her blaze in a circle about the disabled man, like an Indian watch-fire; then she hastened home, and, as his mother was too infirm to give assistance, she yoked the steers into the drag—for old Dapple's slender legs could not flounder safely through the drifts—and urged them slowly across the untrodden snow, guided by the lantern, to the nearest neighbor, five miles away, who willingly left his warm pillow, and, with his son of fifteen, plodded back on the drag to where the watch-fires smouldered and Cyrus waited. It was not long after this before Cyrus was safe in bed, with his mother and Jane administering to him, and neighbor Goodheart and the steers on the way for the doctor. But it was many a long week before he left his bed; indeed, the drifts had dissolved like magic, and spring had woven her spells in blade and bud, and the grass was long and ready for mowing, before he took his first step into the air, and then he leaned on Jane's arm, and walked with a crutch. The folks in The Numbers said he would always need to use a crutch, unless he preferred a cork leg. When the doctors from Wheatfield and beyond had decided upon amputation, Cyrus had sent for Agnes. Perhaps he had meant to give her her freedom, with a lingering hope that she would reject it; perhaps he craved the solace of her presence before his journey toward the Valley of Shadows. Nobody ever knew; it was only known that she refused to go to him! The people in The Numbers blamed or excused her, according to their natures and prepossessions. "She didn't promise herself to a cripple," "It's better to live unmated than ill-matched," "She's like to go all the way through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last," "It's a poor kind of love that's scared at misfortune," were some of the current remarks passing from mouth to mouth.

And so the year wore through, and Cyrus could no longer go up the Aroostook lumbering, nor swing his scythe in the meadow. He had to hire a hand about the farm. But while he sat at home with idle, impatient hands, inspiration came to him as he watched Jane laboring at her wheel, and he invented a spinning-machine. About this time old Mrs. Ferriston slipped away out of life; and one day Mrs. Deacon Crocket rode over to engage Jane for her winter's weaving.

"You won't be needin' a housekeeper no longer, I s'pose, Cyrus," said she; "and folks allus talks so; so, thinks I, Jane hed better come home with me for the weavin'."

"Jane," he said—for Mrs. Deacon Crocket used an ear-trumpet, and was no kind of hinderance to love-making—"Jane, you promised to stay with me till Agnes came. Will you keep your promise?"

"Yes, Cyrus, I will, if you insist upon it," she answered.

"Jane and I," he said, speaking into Mrs. Crocket's trumpet, "are going down to Wheatfield this afternoon to be married."

Mrs. Crocket took the Price farm on her way home, for fear her news would spoil if kept over-night.

"Cyrus Ferriston's goin' to be merried," said she, "and no thanks to you, Agnes Price. Jane Hutton's a lucky gell."

"Do tell!" cried Agnes. "'Never swam a goose so gray but what could find its mate.' I always thought she had a hankerin' after him. S'pose I sha'n't be asked to stand up with 'em! What a figger they'll cut when they 'pear out together! I never could have borne to go limpin' along with a man like that all my days—it didn't look genteel."

"But they do say," continued her comforter, "how he's made a power of money out of that machine of his'n—it's jest like spinnin' gold. And they're talkin' about sendin' of him to the Legislation, and then I s'pose Jane 'll go too, and help represent."

PERSONAL.

Any one who knows Minister Jewell personally can imagine how easily and kindly he would take to the duties and pleasures of diplomatic life as practiced at St. Petersburg. He has written a long and spicy letter about it to a friend in Rochester, which has found its way into print. He has about his house some "four-and-twenty servants all in a row," who speak all the living and several of the defunct tongues, and he calls them a "crew." For two months before Lent the Governor and family bent their energies to entertainments, and "gave up to parties what was meant for mankind." "I get up," he says, "at ten, and the balance of the family about noon." At the great ball given in honor of the Duchess of Edinburgh, that princess wore the celebrated diamond necklace estimated to be worth $20,000,000! while the Empress's dress was trimmed with solitaire diamond buttons, each one of which was worth $50,000 or $100,000. It is thought there were more diamonds worn that night than ever before at one time, as they came from the three empires of Germany, England, and Russia. "Russia has its own code of morals, I suppose," continues the Governor, "which the people live up to. From our point of view there are no morals." He says he likes being in St. Petersburg "some," but wouldn't like to spend his life there. "In all the elements of strength and greatness America is so far ahead of Europe that the contrast is painful."

—Mr. John J. M'Elhone, chief of the corps of reporters of the House of Representatives, at Washington, has in preparation, and will publish during the coming summer, a volume of annals of political life in Washington, from the Anti-Lecompton times in 1856 up to date. Mr. M'Elhone adds to great professional skill a cultivated mind, and his friendly relations with the men who have been foremost in the legislative affairs of the country during the last twenty years peculiarly qualify him to make a book of surpassing interest.

—Mr. Sumner is said to have in no way distinguished himself as a student at Harvard, and held no high rank in his class. His time was more devoted to general reading than to the usual academic course. He was a member of the Hasty-Pudding and Porcelain clubs, and, as one of his classmates has said, "All that distinguished him while in college from his fellows was his knowledge of literature and his skill in boxing." The writer of this paragraph is reminded by this of another graduate of Harvard of thirty odd years ago, who was equally proficient in the classics, in general literature, and in mathematics, and who was the "eftest man" in all Harvard in manly exercises, and especially knew how to "put up his hands."

—That very tall, good, and clever man, Colonel Thomas W. Knox, who is always going somewhere and writing a book about it, has been up the Nile. On his return to Alexandria he was the guest of the Khedive at the palace, and the colonel and that potentate are said to have had some of those times together that are understood by the word "good." There were one or two hot theological discussions about Mohammedanism, the K. endeavoring to

"Prove his doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and Knox."

—Canon Kingsley has intimated his intention to be present at the next Commencement of Union College.

—What is the average American to think when told that Mr. William Winans, an American, has rented Mr. Gladstone's house in Charlton Terrace, London, from Easter to August? And who is "W. Winans, an American?"

—The *Church Journal*, in speaking of Canon Kingsley as a preacher, says: "He starts forty lines of thought in every sermon which he does not follow out. He flings *himself* into the *mêlée* body and soul. He is full of faults, of course; but he is so big, so genial, so human, such a thorough Christian, Englishman, and man, that the reading of his sermons actually makes one feel one knows him, has shaken hands with him, has sat with him, and talked with him face to face."

—Mr. Beecher lectured at Winsted, Connecticut, on the 16th of March, and all the region round about flocked to hear him. On the return of the crowded Collinsville car, the train stopped to let off several passengers at the upper end of Satan's Kingdom Gorge, and as the conductor shouted, "Satan's Kingdom," the venerable Dr. F—— gracefully responded, "There are no passengers, Sir, in *this* car for that place." Then they smiled among themselves.

—A man wants to know who is the author of these lines:

"See, one physician, like a sculler, plies—
The patient lingers, and by inches dies;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him more swiftly to the Stygian shores."

—General Santa Anna has arrived at the Mexican capital, and paid a visit to President Lerdo. He intends to reside at Tacubaya, seven miles from Mexico. Being very poor, he purposes to petition Congress for a grant or pension, or the restoration of some of his private property, which was sequestered by the state.

—The new Lord Hampton, of England, is a remarkable man. He has gone by three names: he was born a Russell, became a Pakington on succeeding his father, and is now Hampton; he has had three wives, who were respectively Mrs. Russell, Dame Pakington, and Lady Hampton; he has been a member of three ministries—1852, 1858, and 1866; and he has held three appointments—Colonial Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of War.

—The Bishop of Pernambuco, for setting the laws of the Pope before the laws of the Brazilian Empire, has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment. The Bishop of Olinda has, for a like offense, been sentenced to four years' imprisonment and hard labor.

—Professor H. Thurston, in a note to the American Society of Civil Engineers, forcibly claims for Count Rumford that he was the first to prove the immateriality of heat, and to indicate that it is a form of energy, publishing his conclusions a year before Davy; that he first, and nearly half a century before Joule, determined with almost perfect accuracy the mechanical equivalent of heat; that he is entitled to the sole credit of the experimental discovery of the true nature of heat.

—Mr. William J. Wallace, the new Judge of the United States Court for the Northern District of New York (including that part of the State west of Albany), is a young gentleman of thirty-five, who was last year Mayor of Syracuse. His legal education was acquired mainly at Hamilton College Law School, under Professor Theodore W. Dwight. He has already secured a very lucrative practice, and is spoken of on all sides as a gentleman well qualified for, and who will do honor to, the position.

—In the early days of George III. the name "Prime Minister" was not acknowledged. In Lord North's time it was just beginning to be heard of; but he always refused it, and professed not to know what it meant. It used to be "the King's Government." It is now "Mr. Gladstone's," or "Mr. Disraeli's Government." It is the government of the man who has the brains, the experience and aptitude for administration, and who can command the confidence and support of others of the same sort.

—"Charles Sumner, in his youth, achieved what is supposed to be the arduous feat of swimming across the boiling rapids just below Niagara Falls—a feat which few men have had the muscle or the nerve to perform." This paragraph appears to be going the rounds of the press. But there is not much in it. In old times, before suspension-bridges were built, and when the row-boat was used to carry people across below the falls, a season seldom passed that some venturesome Leander did not essay the damp feat. Frequently the venturesome Leander would have the skiff keep within oar-distance, in case of weariness or lack of pluck; but in every case where the attempt was made it was successful.

—The old sign of "Chase & Ball" is still over the door of their former office in Third Street, Cincinnati, and the old library and office furniture remain as they were nearly forty years ago. There stands the desk on which Mr. Chase wrote the act repealing the "Black Laws" of Ohio, and at which he sat when he prepared his great argument in the Van Zandt case. Mr. Register Ball, the late Chief Justice's partner, still occupies the old office.

—Three years ago M. Émile Ollivier was Prime Minister of the cabinet that declared war against Germany, and announced that the French armies were ready to go forth to victory. Napoleon III. trusted to him, and was destroyed. He became execrated by the French people, and since then has remained in seclusion until now, when he re-appears before the Parisian public, and is welcomed with gracious smiles. He is said to have an eloquent and persuasive tongue, and is ambitious to re-enter public life, but whether as Bonapartist, republican, or monarchist no Frenchman has yet found out.

—Out of the thirty-seven States and the Territories in the Union only three States are entirely represented in Congress by natives, viz., Delaware, North Carolina, and Vermont. Of these, Delaware has three representatives, Vermont five, and North Carolina ten, including two Senators from each State.

—The officials in the British House of Commons are better paid than officers of corresponding grade in our House of Representatives. The Speaker, Mr. Brand, has £5000 per annum, a residence, and a pension and peerage on retiring. The Deputy Speaker and chairman of committees, £1800; clerk, £2000; assistant clerk, £1500; second ditto, £1000; principal clerk of Public Bill Office, £1000; principal clerk of committees, £1000; clerk of the journals, £1266; principal clerk of private bills, £1000; six senior clerks, each £800; twelve assistant clerks, each £300 to £500; twelve junior clerks, each £100 to £250; accountant, £500; deliverer of votes and printed papers, £500; Sergeant-at-arms, £1200; deputy ditto, £800; assistant ditto, £500; chaplain, £400; secretary to Speaker, £5000; counsel to Speaker, £1800; two examiners of petitions, each £800; librarian, £600; assistant librarian, £100.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor William M. Gabb, of Philadelphia, who is at present engaged in an exhaustive geological exploration of Costa Rica, has lately made a very important discovery in reference to the sedimentary rock on the Atlantic slope of Costa Rica, namely, that even such portions as are auriferous are not earlier than the tertiary. Indeed, in Professor Gabb's opinion, they are of miocene age, which is, of course, strongly in contradiction of the hypothesis of Sir Roderick Murchison, that gold is of silurian origin.

Professor Orton has returned to the duties of his chair at Vassar College, after a very interesting and successful expedition to South America. His general route was up the Amazon to Yurimaguas on the Huallaga by steamer, thence by canoe up the Parana-pura to Balsa-Puerto, thence on foot over the mountains, *via* Moyobamba, to Chachapoyas, and thence by mule, *via* Balsas and Cajamarca, to Pascamayo, on the Pacific. Descending along the coast (or, in the local phrase, ascending), he visited Lima, and afterward Mollendo (south latitude 17°). He then proceeded, *via* Arequipa, to Lake Titicaca, being the first traveler to go from the Pacific to that lofty lake by the railroad just completed. His principal object was the study of the physical geography of the Marañon and its tributaries, and he succeeded in securing a large amount of information throwing light on that interesting region, hitherto visited mainly by collectors, and in obtaining data for a very accurate map of the entire Montaña, shortly to be constructed.

Numerous collections were made by Professor Orton along his route, to illustrate the geology and the distribution of life. A very prolific bed of fossil shells was found at Iquitos in the same "Tabatinga clay formation" in which he had discovered them at Pebas in 1867, but with additional species. He also collected brachiopods and ammonites on the Andes. His most important collections, however, consisted of fishes, reptiles, and shells from the Marañon and the Andes. The cold-blooded vertebrates collected by Professor Orton have been placed in the hands of Professor Cope for identification.

Professor Orton also made some archæological investigations in several localities, and brought home with him a rich assortment of mummies, skulls, earthen and copper utensils, and textile fabrics. The round burial towers which he visited at Sillustani he considers as doubtless pre-incarial.

The eighth number of Mr. Hermann Strecker's work on the Lepidoptera has just been published by him at Reading, Pennsylvania, and upon a closely filled plate are to be found illustrations of eight species of butterflies, one of them but recently described as new by Mr. Strecker.

The death of Rev. John Bachman is announced as having taken place at Charleston on the 24th of February. In the decease of this gentleman science loses one of the oldest of American naturalists, and one who has been quite prominent in the history of American zoology.

Dr. Bachman was, we believe, a native of Central or Northern New York, but at an early age removed to South Carolina, where he continued to exercise his functions as pastor of a Lutheran church until almost the day of his death, at the age of eighty-four.

He is well known from his association with Mr. Audubon in the preparation of the great work on the North American mammals, of which one edition was published, in folio, at $400, and another, in quarto, at $40. This, as far as its illustrations and biographies are concerned, still forms the standard treatise on the subject, although the systematic portion has been in a measure superseded by later and more critical investigations. It was, however, preceded by several monographic papers upon squirrels, hares, shrews, and other species, as also by papers upon the seasonal and other changes in color in birds and mammals.

As a clergyman as well as naturalist, Dr. Bachman's attention was, as a matter of course, drawn to the supposed heresy of many writers in reference to the origin of the human race, and especially as to the question whether this constitutes more than one species, and descended from more than one original pair. His controversial writings, directed against Dr. Samuel G. Morton, of Philadelphia, and Professor Agassiz, are familiar to many of our readers.

Dr. Bachman's friends claimed for him the distinction of having been the first person in the United States to practice the art of artificial impregnation of fish, although this is stoutly contested by Dr. Garlick and other writers.

Advices to January 11 announce that the German exploring expedition under Mr. Gerhard Rohlfs had reached Gasr, in the Libyan oasis Dachel, after having opened an entirely new route from Siut to Farâfrah. The expedition was twenty-one days on the way, and much privation was experienced during the last three, as the party was obliged to make its way between sand hills, without a trace of vegetation, and over sulphurous and silicious deposits. A line of rocks was found near Dachel, passing through which, being the finest mountain pass they had encountered, they came to an oasis, where the men and camels rested fourteen days.

Dr. Zittel, who accompanies Rohlfs as geologist in his researches, is quite satisfied that the Sahara, as already suggested, is the dried-up basin of a former shallow sea. The very fine quartz sand found here is not produced from any formation in or near it, and must have been carried to it by some foreign agency. The real surface of the desert is a bare, dry, chalk plateau, resembling that of the Suabian Alps. Above it rise peaks, which are, however, on the same level, and show that they are the remains of an ancient surface, the intervening spaces of which have been washed away, possibly by the action of waves upon it. Numerous splinters of flint have been found about certain peaks, produced by the cutting process of the alternate slight dews and frosts which are known in the winter nights of the Sahara.

The House of Representatives has passed a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to contract with some suitable sculptor for a bronze statue of the late Admiral Farragut, with the proviso that the selection of the sculptor or artist shall be made by the Secretary of the Navy, the General of the Army, and Mrs. Virginia L. Farragut, or a majority of the same.

The death of Professor L. Quetelet, the eminent astronomer, physicist, and statistician, is announced as having taken place in Brussels on the 16th of February, at the age of seventy-seven. This gentleman was the founder of the Observatory of Brussels, and was its director at the time of his death. His loss will doubtless call forth suitable expressions of regard and of acknowledgment on the part of many of his scientific colleagues.

Among the deaths that have recently occurred is that of Jules Bourcier, a well-known ornithologist, and specialist in the line of humming-birds, of which he has published many new species. His almost unique collection, embracing many types described by French naturalists, and specimens collected by himself during his residence in Ecuador as French consul, was sold at auction in Paris, March 2.

Mr. Woodworth has introduced a bill into the House of Representatives to amend the act entitled "An act to prevent cruelty to animals while in transit by railroad or other means of transportation within the United States," in which it is provided that no animal transported from one State to another shall be confined in cars, boats, or conveyance for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours without being unloaded for rest, water, and feeding for a period of at least five consecutive hours, unless prevented therefrom by storm or other accidental cause.

The bill further provides that cars specially adapted by shippers of stock for the purpose shall be transported over the roads under the same conditions as if belonging to the road, and that if full freights are exacted a reasonable allowance shall be made for the use of the car.

The report for 1873 of the trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science has made its appearance, and, like its predecessors, furnishes evidence of much and successful work in carrying out the objects of the Academy. Mr. F. W. Putnam, the curator, reports numerous additions to the collections, especially in the departments of ichthyology and archæology. A feeling allusion is made to the death of Professor Agassiz, who was ever a constant friend to the establishment. The number of visitors during the year amounted fully to 40,000, the museum being open every day. Dr. Packard, the curator of the Articulata, reports progress in the work of the identification of the collections, in which much assistance has been received from Messrs. Uhler, Hagen, Grote, Crotch, Emerton, etc.

Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis was ordered on the 23d of February to the duty of superintendent of the Naval Observatory at Washington, in place of Rear-Admiral Sands, detached and placed on the retired list. Admiral Davis has been on the Light-house Board, and the vacancy caused by his change of position has been filled by the assignment of Commodore Murray to this place.

Among other recent interesting announcements is that by Mr. O. Harger of the discovery in the coal measures of Illinois of a fossil spider, to which the name *Arthrolycosa antiqua* has been applied.

Miss Frances Strickland has offered to endow a curatorship of the ornithological collection made by her brother, Hugh Strickland, and presented to the University of Cambridge in 1867 by his widow, to the amount of £150 sterling per annum.

Professor Marsh, in the *American Journal of Science* for March, presents a communication upon certain fossil equine mammals from the tertiary formation of the West, in which he throws some new light upon the much-vexed subject of the genealogy of the modern horse. In reference to this point he remarks that the American representative of the modern horse is the extinct *Equus fraternus* of Leidy, a species almost if not entirely identical with the Old World *Equus caballus* of Linnæus, to which the present species belongs.

The line of succession of the European horse has been presented by Huxley; but Professor Marsh thinks that this with the American horse was more direct and the record more complete. The natural sequence of the descending order would be—*Orohippus*, of the eocene; *Miohippus* and *Anchitherium*, of the miocene; *Anchippus*, *Hipparion*, *Protohippus*, and *Pliohippus*, of the pliocene; and *Equus*, quaternary and recent.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Pat and Murphy, who were cutting cord-wood on the banks of the Mississippi, observed a barrel floating down the Father of Waters, and hauled it in. The first smell of the hoops proved the contents whisky. Happy Pat! glorious Murphy! Over the great joy they shook hands, embraced, vowed candles to Mary, and gave every other evidence of gratitude that could be asked for; then they sucked the liquor through cane stalks till they knew no more. Next morning the question arising how to divide the barrel, a very handy conclusion was arrived at by using the cross-cut saw and sawing it in two. Of course the contents went to water the cane roots instanter, and the two Irishmen were bereaved.

When deaf and dumb lovers are married, two members of the wedding party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

A few days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry-goods house and inquired for a "beau." The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes; but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

The most curious thing in the world is a woman that is not curious.

"Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" "'Cause that leetle man with a heap o' hair on his face cotched hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste!'"

It is a misfortune for a man to have a crooked nose, for he has to follow it.

A Boston paper wonders why a member of Congress who recently spoke with so much feeling of the "hay-seed in his hair," and "oats in his throat," forgot to complete the diagnosis of the case by alluding to the rye in his stomach.

Why is a horse the most miserable of animals?—Because his thoughts are always on the rack.

Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who had been a Manchester dealer, said that he never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind.

What should you do if you split your sides with laughter?—Run till I got a stitch in them.

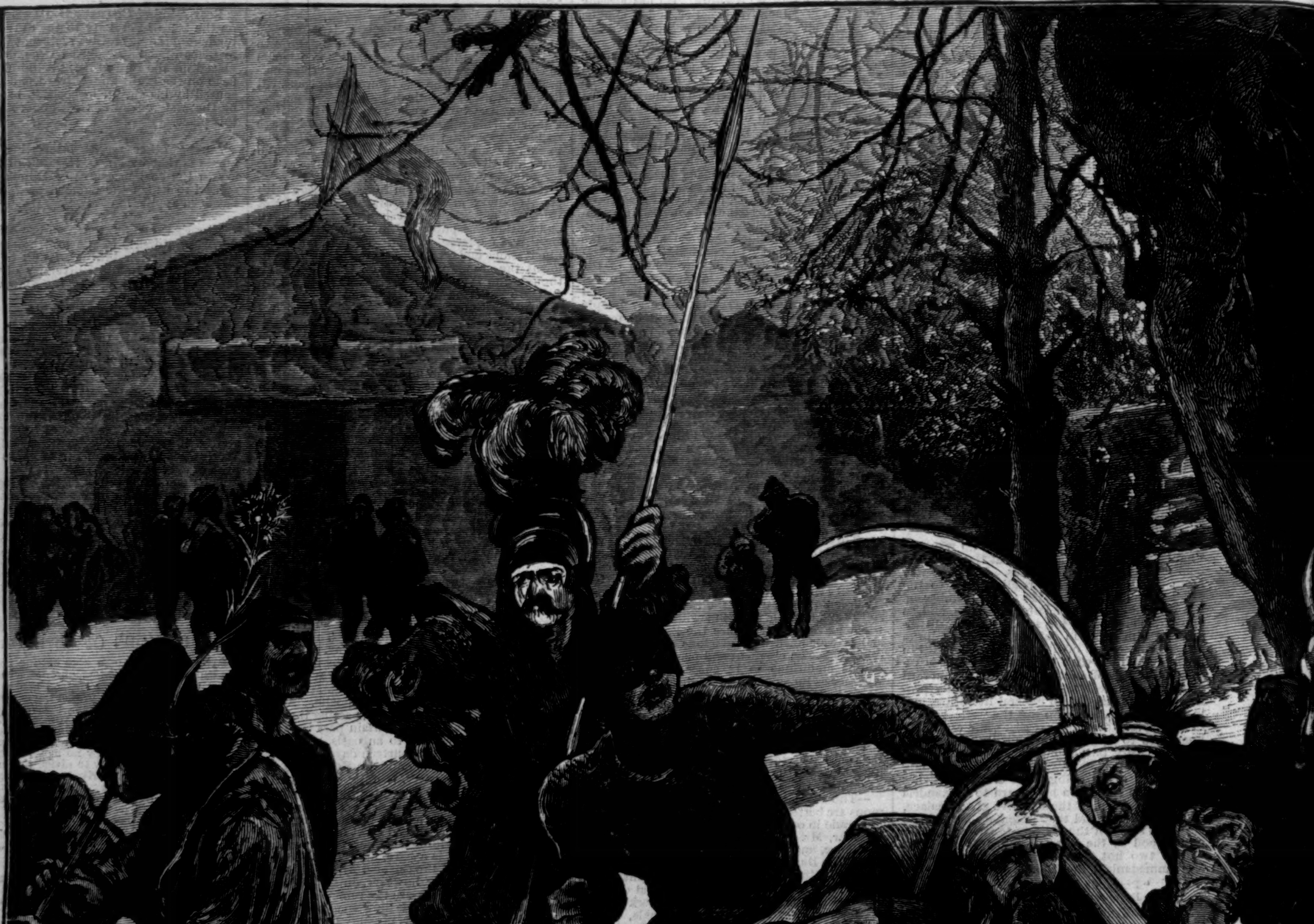
O woman, in our hours of ease,
You know we'll do what'er you please;
We'll promise to renounce the sin
Of Bourbon, brandy, rum, and gin,
And go so far as to refrain
(Except when tempted) from Champagne;
But have some mercy, do, my dear,
And leave, oh, leave us lager-beer!

Sam Jones lived up in Orange County. Now Sam was an enormous eater, and it happened that he was one day hauling a load of "shook" to the nearest village, when his team was stuck in a sand hill. Well, did Sam fret and scold his oxen, or unload his team? Not he. He very coolly took down his dinner from the load, sat down and ate it, when his oxen started off with the rest of the load without further trouble.

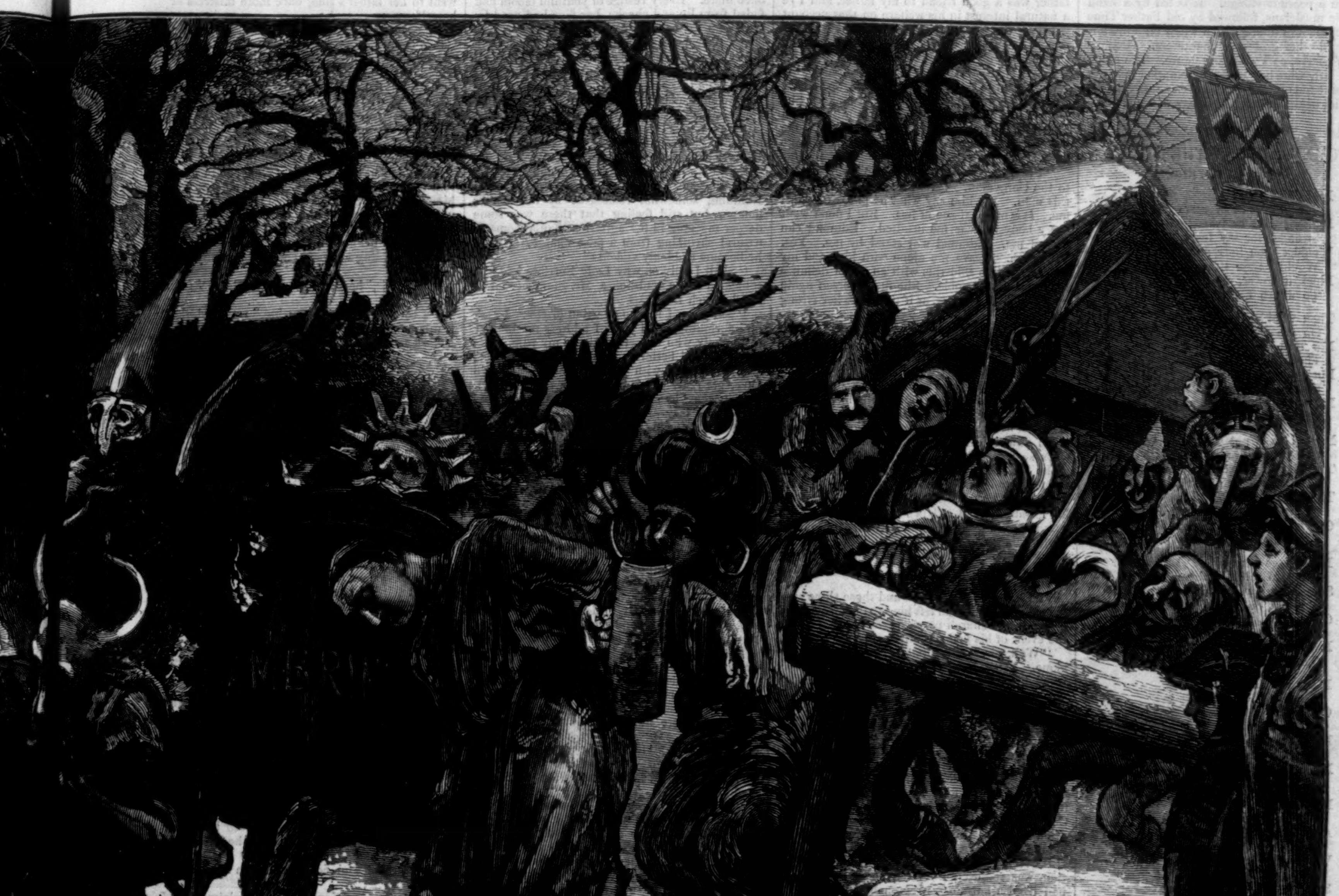
A bank must be a poor place to impart a secret, as there is a cash ear and a teller there constantly.

It was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period, "She don't know enough to bile hot water."

The other day a Jerseyman was observed standing in Wall Street gazing very earnestly at one of those hairless Chinese canines which are so much admired by dog connoisseurs. Near Jersey was a rampant crowd of brokers. Jersey looked at them and then at the "dorg." "I say, mister," said he, speaking to a gorgeously robed Bull, whose hands were filled with stock lists—"I say, does that dorg belong to you?" Bull nodded distantly. "Yaas? well, I thort so." "What made you think that 'dorg' belonged to me?" "Well, I wasn't so adzactly sure he belonged to you, but I was certain the dorg has had dealin's with you or some of your friends." "Why so?" says Bull, getting excited. "'Cause he's so close shaved; there ain't a har on 'im." Broker walked away, whistling the *Rogue's March*.



THE CARNIVAL IN THE



THE B RIAN ALPS.—[SEE PAGE 358.]

BAVARIAN CARNIVAL.

The peasants of the Bavarian Alps are not at all behind the rest of the world in celebrating the carnival. For a whole week they give themselves up to the full enjoyment of the merry-season, which is enlivened with dancing, games, and processions. Our double-page illustration makes us spectators of one of the processions passing through a peasant village. It is led by a band of rustic musicians, followed by old Father Time with scythe and hour-glass, a witch on a broomstick, and other grotesque characters. Gambrinus, of course, cuts a leading figure. The monk on his left, who has evidently emptied his beer mug quite too often, is intended as a satire on the convivial habits of some members of the order.

SPOKEN ACROSS THE WALL.

By HOWARD GLYNDON.

If I cried to thee
Over the wall of years
Built betwixt us two,
Stronger for my fears,
Wouldst thou hear and heed?
Wouldst thou stretch thy hand,
Pluck a flower, and fling it
To where I stand?

Thou wouldst go thy way
On the other side,
Nor turn once thy head,
Though of want I died.
But that self-same want,
Flashed from me to thee,
It would gripe thee and stab thee,
Nor set thee free.

Nay! I shall not call,
Come thou ever so near,
Though my blood stands still
Just thy step to hear;
Though we are going on
At the self-same pace,
Only the wall between us
And each grave face.

If a visage comes
Close to thine in dreams,
Somewhat darkly set
Betwixt chestnut gleams,
Carest thou that 'tis pale?
Dost thou yearn to draw
It to thy breast with kisses
That brook no law?

If 'tis so, 'tis well!
I can fold my pain
Closer to the breast
Where it long hath lain;
But—knowest thou?—its strength
Is not spent in vain,
Much less these tears that wet it
Like autumn rain.

If God shaped my hand
Just to fit in thine,
And thou wouldst not see,
Was it fault of mine?
When thy reckoning comes,
Soul, what wilt thou say?
Soul, to my soul a traitor
This many a day!

When it shall be asked,
Straight, "What is this thing
Thou didst to the heart
O'er which thou wert king?"
Wilt thou dare to speak:
"It I turned away;
Disowned, denied, and mocked it;
Did all but slay?"

If thou sayest thus,
Sadly, without scorn,
I shall bless the day
My poor life was born.
If thine eyes grow soft
Looking upon me,
God must first strike through me
To get at thee!

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER LXI.

AT BAY.

Edmund's strong arm clasped Sylvia closer to his breast.

"My dearest, what need of alarm?" he whispered. "I am yours to the end of life."

Then turning to Shadrach Bain, he exclaimed, angrily, "Pray, Sir, what is the meaning of this most unwarrantable intrusion?"

"Unwarrantable, perhaps. Though, if I had been inclined that way, I might have come with a magistrate's warrant and a detective officer. You have reason to thank me for this intrusion, Mr. Standen, and to thank Providence that I am here in time to prevent your marriage with that lady."

"That you will never do, Sir, let your audacity go as far as it may. Stand away from that door, if you please, Mr. Bain, and let us pass into the church."

"If you value your future peace, you had better hear what I have to say first," said Shadrach Bain, with undisturbed coolness. "Perhaps this gentleman," glancing at the incumbent, "and Mr. Carew would be good enough to leave us three alone together—unless Lady Perriam would like me to speak out before every one."

"What can you have to say?" asked Sylvia, looking up at him. Great Heaven! what a blanched, death-like face she lifted from the shelter of her lover's breast!—from brow to lip white as her bridal veil.

"Can not you guess, Lady Perriam?" demanded Mr. Bain, with a threatening significance in his tones. "Before Mr. Standen makes you his wife, and takes the burden of your incumbrances on his shoulders, I should like, for his sake—his father was a good friend to my father, and I've a natural interest in his welfare on that account—before the knot is tied, I should like to ask you a few questions about the brother-in-law you shut up in a mad-house the other day."

Sylvia stretched out her hands with entreating gesture, as if to stop that awful accuser, who confronted her with a countenance of stone. She had cheated and disappointed him, and Mr. Bain had no mercy for people who did either. He was implacable against the woman who had done both.

"Pray, Sir, go," she cried, in piteous appeal to the clergyman. "Father, go; leave us with this man. Let him say what he pleases against me. It is only a tissue of lies. But I don't want every body to hear me insulted. Edmund can defend me. Edmund will stand by me. Yes. Till death. Leave me alone with him and my accuser." She said this with an air of defiance that was almost noble. She flung herself again upon her lover's breast, as if that were her strong rock.

The clergyman and Mr. Carew withdrew to the church, bewildered.

"I fear there will be no wedding to-day," said the incumbent.

"Pshaw, my dear Sir, a mere passing cloud. I know something of this man—the late Sir Aubrey Perriam's land-steward, a self-seeking fellow, who was allowed to exercise a great deal too much power during my son-in-law's life. I always suspected him to be a scoundrel." Thus spoke Mr. Carew, with a mind ill at ease. Mr. Bain was too prudent a man to make a disturbance of this kind without being tolerably sure of his ground. And Sylvia's white face had been a mute confession of guilt. What it might all mean James Carew felt powerless even to conjecture, but he feared it must mean something bad. An intrigue, perhaps, or a broken promise of marriage.

The vestry door was shut, and those three were alone. Mr. Bain had left his satellite, John Sadgrove, in the church porch, ready to be of use in the event of his being wanted.

"Well, Sir," said Edmund, sternly, "we are alone. What have you to say to us, and pray what do you mean by asserting that this lady's brother-in-law has been shut up in a mad-house at her instigation?"

No gossip from Monkhampton had reached Edmund since his departure. His letters from the bank had been of a purely business character. His mother had written to him only once, a letter full of anger and bitterness, in which she renounced all kindred with him. He knew nothing, therefore, of Mordred's removal from Perriam Place, an event which had been sufficiently discussed within a forty-miles radius of Monkhampton.

"I state the simple truth—that Mordred Perriam was removed from the house in which he had lived a harmless, irreproachable life for the last thirty years—removed at an hour's warning, by this lady, and confined in a private lunatic asylum."

"Sylvia," exclaimed Edmund, "look up and tell me that this fellow is a liar."

"Does she look like denying it?" sneered Mr. Bain, pointing to the pallid face, with its half-closed eyelids and agonized lips, which was slowly turned to the light of day.

"It is true that Mordred is in a private asylum," said Sylvia. "I did not like to tell you, Edmund—it was such a dreadful calamity to speak about, and it might have set you against me. But it was at that man's advice I had Mordred removed from Perriam. He is a liar if he denies that."

"I do deny that I ever directly advised you to incarcerate Mordred Perriam," returned Mr. Bain, unflinchingly. "I told you what people said about him. I told you that people wanted to know why he had been kept a prisoner in his own rooms, hardly permitted to breathe the air of Heaven, ever since his brother's death, I warned you of the scandals that were circulating against you, and I asked you, for your own sake, to let me see Mordred Perriam, and assure myself that he was not shut up in his rooms at Perriam Place, under watch and ward of a nurse, against his will—that he was not imprisoned to serve any purpose of yours. Let me be sure of this, I said to you, and I will give the lie to any one who dares to traduce you; I will be your champion and defender! What was your answer to my request, Lady Perriam? An eminently practical one. The day after I said this to you Mordred Perriam was taken away from the home of his ancestors, in the keeping of a mad-house doctor, without an hour's pause for consideration or advice. Without help or counsel from any living creature, you smuggled your dead husband's brother into an obscure asylum."

"Sylvia, is there one word of truth in this man's charge against you?" cried Edmund, looking down at that terror-stricken face, whose awful pallor sent a thrill of terror to his heart. Only by some indication of guilt in herself could he believe her guilty. The words of her accuser would have seemed to him idle as the faint breathings of the summer wind but for the dreadful look in her changed face, which betrayed so abject a terror in the heart whose wild beating he felt against his breast.

"Speak, Sylvia," he entreated; "speak, my love, and give this fellow the lie. Tell him that your brother-in-law was not smuggled into an asylum; that there was no undue haste, no secrecy; that you were fully justified in all you did."

"I was justified," she answered, meeting her lover's searching look with a gaze as steadfast, with eyes that would have looked in the face of death just as calmly. Her terror was vanquished now. Ruin was before her, perhaps, but the nervous force, the indomitable courage, which had sustained her so long had returned to her once more. Every vestige of youthful bloom had faded from lip and cheek; her face had aged by ten years in hue and expression; but her eyes shone their brightest, and her pallid lips were firmly set, defying misery and shame.

"I was justified," she repeated. "The doctor to whom I confided Mr. Perriam was a doctor recommended by that man. Two medical men certified his insanity—every thing was done fairly and openly. Yes, openly. I was not bound to give Mr. Bain notice of my intention. He is not my master."

"Tell me why you took this sudden resolve of sending Mr. Perriam to a mad-house?" asked Edmund, somewhat re-assured by her bolder manner, but still feeling that there was some deeper meaning in her agitation than a woman's natural shrinking from a false charge. "Had he become suddenly violent?"

"Shall I tell you why Lady Perriam had him smuggled into a mad-house, Mr. Standen?" asked Shadrach Bain.

"No, Sir. I ask no question of you. I seek no information from you. I address my inquiry to the lady who will presently be my wife."

"You had better save yourself the trouble," said the agent, with a short laugh. "You'll never get Lady Perriam to answer that question. I'll tell you why she put poor harmless Mordred out of the way—a man who was no more demented than I am. She did it because he knew her secret, knew that her husband, Sir Aubrey, came to an untimely death at her hands."

Sylvia gave a shriek, and fell to the ground at her lover's feet, with her arms extended above her head in adjuration.

"As surely as there is a God whose justice I have offended, that is a black and bitter lie!" she cried, her eyes gazing solemnly upward, as if she would indeed invoke Divinity to witness her truth. "I am guiltless of my husband's blood."

"If you did not murder him, you planned his murder," said Shadrach Bain. "I dare say you were too dainty a lady to do the business yourself, so got your tool and sycophant, Mrs. Carter, to take the dirty work off your hands."

"It is false, all false," cried Sylvia, still on the ground.

Edmund raised her to her feet, held her as he had held her before, encircled and defended by her lover's strong arm.

"If we were not in a church, Mr. Bain, I should knock you down," he said, coolly; "as it is, I'll only ask you to walk out of this room a little quicker than you came into it, for fear I should be tempted to forget that the place is sacred."

"Shall I go away, Mr. Standen, and leave you to marry this lady? Would it not be just as well to put her to the test first? Postpone your wedding till to-morrow, and come with me to unearth Mr. Perriam. The place where my lady has sent him is only an hour's journey from London. See Sir Aubrey's brother for yourself. If there is no secret, if there has been no foul play, I'll make the most profound apology to that lady for having done her so deep a wrong. But at the worst there will not be much harm done. The postponement of the ceremony intended for to-day can be of very little consequence, if you are but in the same mind to-morrow."

"Let it be so," said Edmund, decisively, after a moment's thought. "We will delay our marriage till to-morrow, Sylvia, and I will devote to-day to the proof of this man's calumny."

"You will not go with him," cried Sylvia, wildly, the old look of terror coming back to her face. "You will not go with him, Edmund. To do that is to acknowledge your belief in his slander. You can not surely believe—"

"I believe nothing against you, dearest. But there is only one way of crushing such a scandal as this, and that is to unearth its falsehood. I will go to the asylum with Mr. Bain, I will see and speak with your supposed victim, and I will demonstrate your innocence from any wrong toward him before I come back to you."

"Edmund," pleaded Sylvia, desperately, slipping from her lover's breast to his feet, where she knelt, a piteous spectacle of self-abasement—"Edmund, if you ever loved me, do not go."

"I love you too well to suffer your good name to rest under a cloud that I can dispel. Contemptible as the slander may be, the lie must be made manifest."

"You are going, then?" she asked, despairingly.

"I am going, Sylvia. Release me"—as she clung about his knees. "My dearest love, your humiliation is more painful to me than this man's accusation."

He freed himself from that despairing clasp, opened the door, and beckoned to Mr. Carew, who was waiting, with an anxious face, not far from the entrance to the vestry.

"Take care of your daughter, Mr. Carew," he said. "Take her home immediately, and let no one intrude upon her till my return. There will be no wedding to-day. I shall be back in a few hours to explain every thing."

"Are you really going, Edmund?" asked Sylvia.

She stood by the door, marble-pale, but with the calm of spent passion. Her breath came faintly and thickly, and that was the only token of her agitation.

"Yes, dear love, I am going to vindicate your honor."

"Kiss me once more, Edmund, before we part." He was quick to obey the behest. He clasped her to his heart, and kissed lips and brow.

"Do you remember our parting kiss in Hedingham Church-yard, Edmund?—a Judas kiss you thought it afterward, for it heralded your betrayal. Kiss me once again; trust me once again, if only for an hour. This is a bitterer farewell to me. Now go."

She put him from her with a firm gesture, and went to her father's side, once more mistress of herself.

"Let us go home, papa," she said, taking Mr. Carew's arm.

"Good-by, dearest," whispered Edmund; "remember it is only for a few hours. I shall return to tell you that I have exploded this senseless slander."

"Or not return at all," she answered, in a slow, sad voice, with the dull quiet of utter despair. "Go, Edmund; we have loved each other very dearly, but fate has been against us."

He looked at her wonderingly, as if half fearing that her mind had lost its balance, and then tore himself away. She had spoken the truth. This was indeed a more painful parting than their first farewell, even though he thought to come back to her before the day was done—thought that his wedding was only put off for twenty-four hours.

"Now, Sir," he said to Shadrach Bain, "I am ready."

"I've a cab waiting outside," returned that gentleman, coolly; "we shall catch the twelve-o'clock train at the Great Northern."

CHAPTER LXII.

"ANY WHERE, ANY WHERE, OUT OF THE WORLD."

Mr. Carew took his daughter back to the carriage, sorely disturbed in mind, and in profoundest darkness of spirit as to the cause of this disturbance. The incumbent accompanied them to the carriage, which waited at a side door opening from the chancel, blandly sympathizing with Lady Perriam under these unpleasant circumstances.

A small sprinkling of nurse-maids with perambulators and a fringe of street boys had gathered on the pavement between church door and carriage, having scented out a wedding despite the privacy which had attended Lady Perriam's arrangements. The young women stared their hardest at the bride as she emerged from the chancel door, with her veil gathered across her face. Sylvia's death-like pallor showed conspicuously through that transparent tissue, and there were murmurs of wondering compassion at the whiteness of her face. The small boys in the crowd commented freely upon the bride's death-like countenance, and opined that she had been married to that "skinny old bloke," meaning Mr. Carew, against her will.

Not a word did Sylvia utter during the brief drive to Willoughby Crescent. She alighted without the help of her father's arm, passed with a quick, firm step into the hall, and ran up stairs. Mr. Carew followed her, and arrived breathless at the door of her boudoir just as she had reached it.

She turned and confronted him with angry eyes.

"Why do you follow me?" she exclaimed. "I want nothing except to be left alone."

"But, Sylvia, for mercy's sake tell me the meaning of all this unhappiness. What brought that man Bain to the vestry?"

"You will know soon enough. Can not you leave me in peace for a few hours? Your wish has been gratified—my marriage is postponed."

"I should be glad of that, if there were no trouble for you involved in the postponement. Why can not you trust me—your own father?"

"Because you never acted a father's part toward me," answered Lady Perriam. "I would sooner appeal to strangers for mercy or for aid than to you. Leave me to myself."

Mr. Carew groaned faintly, drew back from the door, which was shut in his face a moment afterward—shut and locked. He heard the turning of the key.

But even after having excluded her father, Lady Perriam was not destined to be alone. As she locked the door opening on the landing, Céline emerged from the door of communication with the dressing-room, where she had been engaged in her daily labors of tidying wardrobes and drawers.

"But, great Heaven, madame, how you are pale!" exclaimed the girl, struck by the change in the face which had been so fair an hour ago.

"Don't trouble yourself about my looks, but take off these things as quickly as you can."

The girl, who knew nothing of the interrupted wedding, obeyed, wondering not a little, but afraid to question. She took off the pearl-gray satin dress, with its priceless Spanish point two hundred years old, the white satin slippers, the muslin under-skirts, with their ruchings of Brussels lace—all the costly adornment upon which Sylvia had bestowed such interest a few days ago. She flung them from her now with a shudder of aversion, as if they had been more loathsome than Cinderella's rags.

Céline was about to unfasten the slender gold chain which held Edmund's last gift—the diamond cross.

"Leave that where it is," said Sylvia, stopping the girl's hand; "I shall wear that till I die."

"Was it possible that madame's mind wandered a little?" mused Céline.

"Now give me the plainest dress I have," said Sylvia, when all the bridal finery had been taken away.

"But, madame, there is the traveling dress all ready for you to put on—the dove-color and blue—the bonnet the veriest gem. Mademoiselle Marchette said it was an inspiration. Why not the traveling dress?"

"Be good enough to do as I bid you. Give me my black cashmere."

"The mourning dress! But, madame, to go into black again after the wedding! It would bring you misfortune."

A look from Lady Perriam stopped the girl's tongue. She brought the sombre mourning dress, which made Sylvia's face seem a shade more ghastly than it had done before.

"That will do," said Sylvia, "and now you can go. Tell the household my marriage has been put off—perhaps only till to-morrow, possibly still longer. You will see that my father has every thing that he asks for. I want a few hours' rest, and shall lie down. Don't disturb me till Mr. Standen calls this afternoon."

"Mr. Standen is going to call. They have not quarreled, then," thought Céline. "What can have happened to make her look so awful?"

She ran down stairs to discuss this strange event with Mrs. Tringfold, as they had discussed the course of their mistress's brief courtship. The other servants in the house were strangers, with whom Céline had no sympathy. They were left to wonder and speculate among themselves, while Mrs. Tringfold and Céline discoursed in the nursery with closed doors, and a cold chicken and a bottle of Champagne from the marriage-feast wherewithal to regale themselves.

"I don't believe there'll be any wedding breakfast at all," said Céline: "she wouldn't look as she does if the marriage was only put off for a day. There's something deeper than that."

"I never thought no good would come of it from the moment we went among them foreigners," said Mrs. Tringfold, with conviction. "There must be something altogether wrong about people when their own native land isn't large enough for 'em."

Sylvia sat alone in her misery—sat in the centre of the room, motionless, like a lifeless figure that had been put there. The broad midday sun streamed in at the window opposite her—the ruthless sun, which shines alike upon the just and the unjust, the happy and the despairing. Once she lifted her eyes to that glad summer sky, and thought how the sunlight and summer of her life had gone out forever.

"I have tried to be fortunate as well as happy—tried to have all good things," she reflected, "and in trying for too much have lost all. I should have been a happy woman if I had been contented with a reasonable share of fortune—satisfied in having won Edmund's love, ready to fight the battle of life with him."

She remembered her father's words on the night of Sir Aubrey's first visit to the school-house—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

"I took that tide at the flood," she thought, "and it has drifted me to ruin."

She sat for an hour without change of attitude, and in that hour the vision of days that were gone passed before her like an unfolded scroll—a bitter retrospect, the picture of a life in which self had reigned supreme, and which had ended in deepest self-abasement.

She awakened from that long reverie at last, looked at her watch, found it was later than she had thought, hurriedly put on her bonnet and mantle—the crape bonnet with its large veil and narrow fold of white, the mark of widowhood—the loose cashmere mantle. Dressed thus, with her veil down, she was not likely to attract notice.

She took some money out of her jewel-box, and put it into a small morocco bag. This bag was all she took with her.

She opened the boudoir door, went out upon the landing, and listened. All was perfectly still in the house. She went down stairs, past the nursery, where she heard the voices of Céline and Tringfold in earnest converse; went by with hardly a sigh of regret for her child, crossed the hall, opened the street door softly, and slipped out.

Once in the street, she flew along with light footsteps, turned the corner of the Crescent into a wide and busy road, hailed the first cab she saw, and stepped into it.

"Drive to the London Bridge Station," she said, "Brighton Line."

She knew there were several ways of getting to France, and that one way was by Newhaven and Dieppe. If they followed her, they would most likely take it for granted she had gone by the Dover and Calais route. By choosing the slower journey she would have a chance of escaping them—supposing that any one took the trouble to follow her—supposing that any one guessed she had gone to France.

At the station Lady Perriam found that there was a train which would start for Lewes in half an hour, and that she could get on with some little delay to Newhaven, but at Newhaven she would have to wait till midnight before the boat started for Dieppe.

She had no definite purpose in this flight—no plan for the future. No distant ray of hope beckoned her on. She only wanted to escape the shame of the present; not to hear Edmund's voice accusing and renouncing her; not to be brought face to face with her sin. She wanted to go to some corner of the earth, and die, nameless and alone.

The train carried her to Lewes, where she had to wait a weary hour and a half before another train took her on to Newhaven—a dismal pause, in which that solemn scroll wherein her past life was recorded again unfolded itself, and again she thought how sweet her days might have been had she asked for less—had she been content to take her lot in blind submission from the urn of Fate instead of trying to improve upon Destiny.

All that day she had eaten nothing, and for many past days had lived in a perpetual fever of hope and fear, always vaguely dreading that "something" which might happen to frustrate her scheme of the future; never able to repose in the calm assurance that Providence would rule her life for the best. By the time she took her place in the Newhaven train faintness increased almost to exhaustion. A mist dimmed her eyes, her limbs felt heavy and painful. The landscape swam before her like a troubled sea.

She had just strength to get out of the railway carriage to follow a porter to the hotel; but she had scarcely entered the sitting-room to which a chamber-maid conducted her when she fell fainting to the ground.

The landlady was summoned, and hearing that the unconscious traveler had no luggage and no attendant, was only mildly sympathetic.

"You had better get her to bed, Jane, and send for the doctor," said the hostess, after various restoratives had been tried without effect. "She seems very bad."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday,	19.—Second Sunday after Easter.
Saturday,	25.—St. Mark the Evangelist.
Sunday,	26.—Third Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Friday,	1.—SS. Philip and James.
Sunday,	3.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	10.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	14.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	17.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday,	24.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	31.—Trinity-Sunday.
Friday,	1.—General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), Nashville, Tennessee.
Friday,	1.—General Conference Methodist Protestant Church, Lynchburg, Virginia.
Thursday,	7.—Southern Baptist Convention, Jefferson, Texas.
Wednesday,	20.—General Synod Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cedarville, Ohio.
Thursday,	21.—Presbyterian General Assembly, St. Louis.
Thursday,	21.—Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Columbus, Mississippi.
Friday,	22.—Baptist Anniversaries, Washington.
Wednesday,	27.—United Presbyterian General Assembly, Monmouth, Illinois.

THE English bishops have proposed Diocesan Councils which shall have authority to suppress summarily ritualistic preachers. The proposal has not been received with much favor. One objection made is that in each diocese the Council would decide in its own way, so that the diversity of practice would still be as great as ever. The *Church Review* thinks that such measures of repression can be easily evaded, as, for instance: "Supposing that a priest has taught the eucharistic sacrifice, and has brought up a congregation to worship the Real Presence, will it be any relief to Lord SANDON, for instance, that he does not stand eastward at the altar? All that the congregation of such a priest would have to do would be *to keep their eyes shut, and adore profoundly*. At least Catholic truth is at the present moment legal in the English Establishment, if all points of Catholic ritual be not. There are numerous ways of symbolizing Catholic truth."

It is not likely that the scheme of the bishops will be adopted.

The statistics of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church for 1873 have appeared. They show a total of 35 annual conferences, 3134 traveling and 5344 local preachers, 237 superannuated preachers, 659,677 white, 3429 colored, and 4779 Indian members, making the aggregate of members 676,600. The total increase of members for the year is 22,441. The number of Sunday-schools is 7019, with 321,572 scholars. The total of collections for the worn-out preachers' fund was $64,013; for missions, $96,644. The former colored members of this Church have been organized into a separate body, known as the "Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America."

The behavior of the Bishop of Pernambuco before the Brazilian court was quite theatrical. He appeared in full canonicals, and preserved absolute silence. He would not plead to the indictment, lest by so doing he should acknowledge himself amenable to the civil law. Two friends volunteered in his defense. After a brief trial he was condemned to four years' imprisonment.

Cardinal FRANCHI succeeds the late Cardinal BARNABO as Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome. He is one of the new cardinals, has been secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda for Oriental rites, and is fifty-five years old.

Some very valuable statistics of the Waldensian Church have been recently published in the *Annuaire de l'Eglise Evangélique Vaudoise*. There are sixteen of the ancient churches remaining—fifteen in the valleys and one in Turin. A theological school is also maintained in Florence. The members of the valley churches vary from 264 to 1394 for each. Sunday-schools and day schools are maintained, the latter attended in winter by one-fifth of the entire population. The entire number of ministers is fifty. This venerable Church is active in missionary work throughout Italy, and has united with the Free Church, the Wesleyans, and the Episcopal Methodists in forming an intermissionary committee, with the design of securing harmonious co-operation.

The annual report of the Procurator of the Synod of the Russian Church to the Czar contains a section on union with the Anglican body. It states that a petition has been presented to the Synod by 122 Anglican ministers praying the Synod to promote the union of the two Churches. The petitioners express a willingness to accept the Russian Church's doctrine, but prefer their own ritual. To this the Synod has signified its assent.

Six of the murderers of the Rev. JOHN L. STEPHENS have been condemned to death. The trial of the priest of Ahualulco was, at the last accounts, still pending.

The Rev. NARAYAN SHESHADRI, whose presence at the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be remembered, has had quite an experience in Ireland. He has addressed crowded meetings at Dublin, Coleraine, Derry, Belfast, and other places. Of his reception in Connor a correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer* writes: "He appeared there on their fast-day, before communion, at the close of a service of two hours, and when he ascended the pulpit every neck was stretched to catch a sight of him. Most of them had never seen a Hindoo or a turban before, and for an hour and a half he had a breathless audience. When he and the Rev. W. F. STEVENSON, the convener of our foreign missions, got out of the church they found the people ranged in two lines on each side of the footpath and along the road he was to pass, in order to get another look at him. Seeing this, Mr. STEVENSON proposed they should shake hands with him as he passed. From each side a perfect forest of hands was extended. All went well till he got to the church-yard gate, when those behind made a rush to get near him again, and he was actually swept away for some distance by the surging crowd."

Strange errors with regard to Americans get into English minds. It has not been long since GOLDWIN SMITH declared that we all hate the English, and now the Bishop of Ripon has in a recent charge asserted that "thousands of Americans are abandoning the voluntary theory" of the support of religion "as dangerous if not ruinous to the country."

The bishop has manifestly mistaken the object of the recent Convention held for the purpose of securing the recognition of God in the national Constitution.

The Protestant invasion of Italy and Sicily is working very noticeable changes. The Rev. MATTEO PROCHET, who will be remembered as one of the Italian delegates to the Evangelical Alliance, opened on February 22 "the first evangelical church building ever erected" on the island of Sicily. The American Union Chapel in Rome is well attended; near by is the reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association; it is well stocked with American papers and magazines, and is a gathering-place for English-speaking Christians.

Very charming reminiscences of the late Dr. KIRK, of Boston, are furnished to the press by those who knew him well. Among others is this: A young Baptist minister, who was reputed the worst public speaker in Massachusetts, went to him for advice. Dr. KIRK, with the utmost simplicity, told his young friend the story of his own early failures in elocution. "A few weeks after I entered Princeton Seminary," he said, "it became my turn to declaim in presence of the class and of Dr. ALEXANDER. [The first Dr. ALEXANDER, one of the most perfect orators that America has produced.] I was so embarrassed, so hurried, so inarticulate, so faulty in every way, that the class all tittered, and not a few laughed outright. I went to my room mortified almost to death. I at once began to practice by myself, 'M-y my, n-a-m-e name, i-s is, N-o-r-v-a-l Norval,' etc. I kept on drilling myself. Presently my turn came again. As I sat down after speaking, Dr. ALEXANDER raised his hands and cried, 'Is it possible that this is the young man that we all laughed at so the other day?'"

With this bit of his own experience Dr. KIRK began his lessons, teaching his pupil "how to use his hands, how to place his feet, how to modulate his voice, and drawing up a list of directions to guide his efforts at practice in private." At the time of rendering this service to one who had no special claim upon him, Dr. KIRK was burdened with other occupations and cares.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

APRIL, thus far, has not proved altogether a genial month. Nevertheless harbingers of summer have been in our markets for several weeks. Even in February one might have bought, provided he had money enough, strawberries from Florida, which in limited quantities appeared among us. Seven dollars a quart is rather more than common folks like to pay for such a luxury. Now, however, strawberries are brought from Charleston, and soon will come from Norfolk, at comparatively cheap prices. Lettuce and spinach are abundant, and there are also radishes, cucumbers, green pease, new potatoes, tomatoes, and other vegetables from Southern ports.

The subject of cremation, which has awakened much interest in this country as well as in Europe, is said to have been brought before the public at the present time by a slight circumstance. An eccentric Englishman dying not long ago, willed fifty pounds to the London Gas Company, on condition that they would destroy his body in one of their gas retorts. The singular request occasioned very general comment in the London press, and brought out various papers from learned men on the treatment of the body after death, since which it has become a topic of discussion on both sides of the ocean.

In Paris there has been much suffering this winter from want of work. Relief has not been given entirely gratuitously, but wholesome food has been supplied at a nominal sum, which has enabled those with very little money to get along tolerably.

Thirty-two "aged mothers" recently held a meeting in an Iowa town. The aggregate number of years they had lived was 2162, and the whole number of their descendants was over fifteen hundred.

Salmon have been successfully introduced into Australian rivers.

A sum of about thirty thousand dollars has been realized by the sale at Cape Coast Castle of the spoils brought from Ashantee by the British soldiers. A large proportion of these articles were picked up in the streets of Coomassie. Many were of no value in themselves, but had been mended with gold, and the patches were valuable. There were a great variety of pipes, some ornamented with silver; and two, which formerly belonged to the king, had bowls of solid gold, curiously wrought, and stems elaborately decorated with the same precious metal.

A Boston exchange mentions as the Massachusetts Legislative Hymn, to be sung to the tune of Dawes and Hoar:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

The new horse disease, known as "pink-eye," is said to be in fact an influenza, and to have been caused by the sudden changes in weather which occurred during March.

A victim of overstudy, who spent three years in nursing himself into health and cheerfulness, gives the following advice: "Don't allow yourself to fret at misfortune that has overtaken you, be resolutely cheerful, whether you feel like it or not, sleep all you can, eat light suppers, use Graham bread, and ride horseback."

In the winter of 1873, after recovering from a severe attack of illness, Mr. Sumner said to a friend, "If my work were only done—only done—death would come to me, not a skeleton, with terror, but as the Greeks sculptured him, a youth crowned with poppies, bringing rest; yet it will all be well in God's own time; and when I die I wish my body carried to the grave by the race I have served so long, and to whose elevation my life has been consecrated."

Not long ago, in a certain sister city, the young ladies from one of the boarding-schools went out for their daily promenade. As is the custom, they walked two and two in line. By chance they turned into a street where saloons abounded, and there arose a sudden clatter caused by the quick closing of window-shutters. It was supposed that the woman's temperance movement had commenced, and every saloon was closed in anticipation. When the innocent girls had passed by, the saloon-keepers, one by one, peeped out to survey the situation, and blinds were opened and doors unlocked. The good Book says, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

The Duke of Edinburgh's reception at London was attended with some danger to the masses. Such was the pressure of the crowd that a woman with an infant in her arms was forced with such violence into a doorway that the child was killed. The day was stormy, and a cry was raised by the roughs of "Umbrellas down!" One gentleman who did not comply with this request was subjected to pretty hard usage. He was finally rescued by the police, but not until a rib was fractured.

Rice-planting has been undertaken this spring in Louisiana on a most extensive scale. This industry is regarded more favorably than sugar culture in that State.

A very singular death recently occurred in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. A young man accustomed to rise early and go to his work overslept himself one morning. His wife spoke to him, and he, waking, sprang up suddenly. In so doing he struck a lamp on a chair at the head of the bed. The globe was broken, and a piece flew against his neck, piercing the jugular vein, and causing him to bleed to death in less than five minutes.

An English court has ruled that railway companies are liable for want of punctuality in the running of their trains, even though they have passed by-laws to the contrary. The Northwestern Railway Company was sued by a passenger for damages caused by a train being behind time. The court gave the plaintiff the amount of damages claimed, with costs.

A bit of sarcasm is introduced into a burlesque recently played at a London theatre. The son of one of the characters welcomes his father to Paris, and asks him if he had a pleasant railway journey.

"Oh yes," says the parent, "capital: we had a railway accident."

"Indeed! What was it?" says the son.

"We arrived safely!"

Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, is generally supposed to have been a Greek. But M. Delcour, Minister of the Interior, of Belgium, has discovered that he was a Belgian. The *Indépendance Belge* says that of course it matters not that Belgium did not exist at the time of Hippocrates; and that M. Delcour should be thanked for the service he has rendered to Belgian national history and the lustre he has given to Belgian medical science by his discovery.

Some facts in regard to the density of population in various cities will be of interest. The following figures show the average number of persons in a dwelling:

New York	14.72	Buffalo	6.44
Philadelphia	6.01	Rochester	5.36
Brooklyn	8.64	Toledo	5.20
Chicago	6.70	Fall River	9.96
Albany	7.94	Dayton	5.48

The cynic defined love to be an insane desire to pay some young woman's board. An old bachelor in Orleans County, Vermont, pondering marriage, set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as often as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates, and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He remains a bachelor.

One of the finest school buildings in the city of Washington, named in honor of Charles Sumner, is devoted exclusively to the use of colored children.

Some persons disapprove of coffee, and undoubtedly there are constitutions for which it is inappropriate. But there is high medical authority in favor of its general use, particularly among persons predisposed to sluggishness of the kidneys, or to gout or rheumatism, or devoted to sedentary pursuits. Some one has computed that a cup of well-made *café au lait* contains from six to ten times as much solid nutriment, and three times as much nitrogenous matter, as does the same quantity of ordinary broth. In hot summer weather it is a most refreshing and invigorating drink, taken either hot or cold. It should be made, however, very strong in the first instance—say, a dessert spoonful of ground coffee to each cup—and then weakened to the taste. Try it once or twice without milk and sugar.

WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

The announcement of the death of **Wilhelm von Kaulbach**, the greatest name in German art, awakened a sense of personal loss in every American who has ever visited Munich. Besides being a great artist, he was a most genial and accomplished gentleman, affable and engaging in manner toward all who visited his studio, and especially courteous to those who came from this side of the Atlantic. To young artists of any nationality who went to him for advice and guidance he was always kind and helpful. He was too great to be jealous of rising youth, and was glad to encourage the development of genius.

Kaulbach was the son of a goldsmith at Arolsen, in the principality of Waldeck, where he was born on the 15th of October, 1805. His father, who was also an engraver, and possessed considerable talent for miniature painting, was anxious that he should become an artist; but the lad felt no inclination that way, and it was not until he was well grown that his dormant talent was awakened by the accident of coming upon some engravings by **Schwendgeburth** in an almanac lent him by the school-master's son. The influence of these rude pictures was deepened by seeing some of **Schiller**'s tragedies acted.

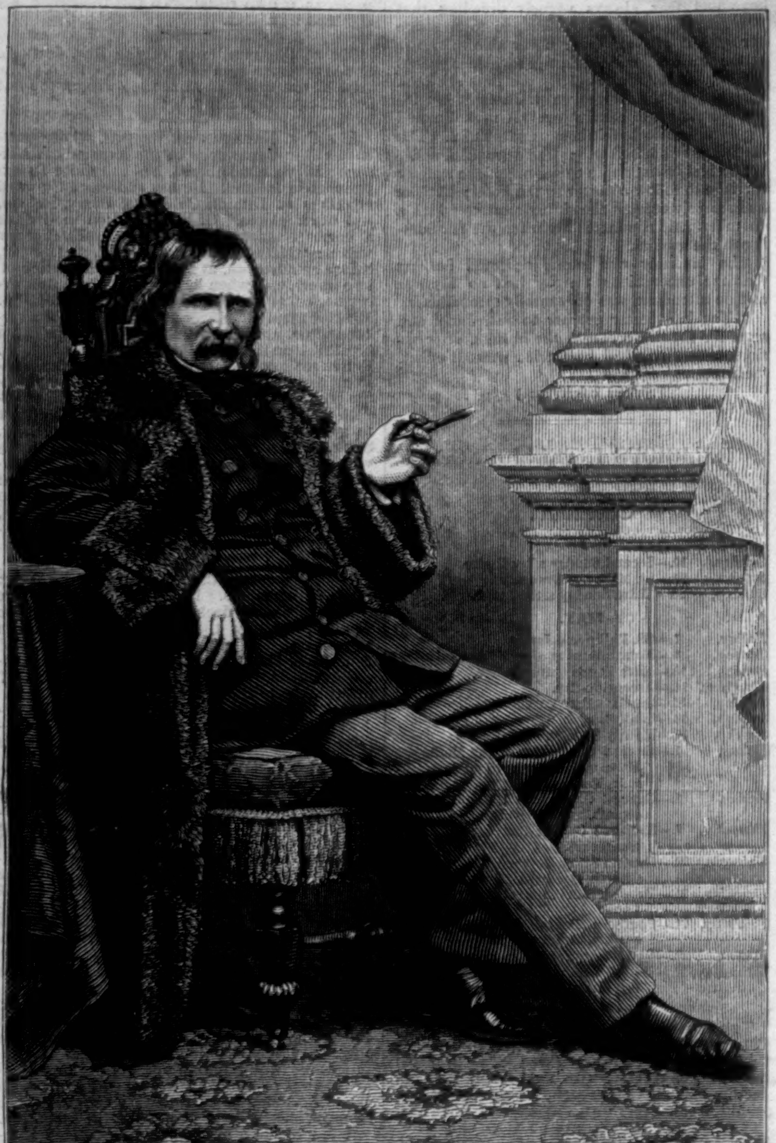
In 1822 he entered the celebrated academy at Dusseldorf, where he came under the teaching of **Cornelius**, the director and virtual founder of the school, whose influence was for several years apparent in his art. In 1825 he followed **Cornelius** to Munich, and assisted him in the frescoes and decorative paintings undertaken by the master for the King of Bavaria. On the ceiling of the Odeon he painted his first important work, "Apollo surrounded by the Muses." In this, and also in other works painted at the time, appeared the promise of originality and invention so splendidly fulfilled in later years; but it was not until 1828, when he painted his famous "Mad-House" (Narrenhaus), that his genius broke through all conventional trammels. The sketches for this picture were made while he was engaged in painting the chapel of the lunatic asylum at Dusseldorf. The director of the asylum having been attracted by the young artist, took him over the whole establishment, and it is said that the effect upon **Kaulbach**'s mind was so strong that he could only rid himself of it by putting his sketches into permanent form. The picture was engraved by **Merz** in a severe, hard style, well suited to the subject and to its treatment by the artist.

Soon after completing this picture, **Kaulbach** was engaged in decorating the queen's apartments in the royal palace at Munich with frescoes from subjects found in the poems by **Wieland**, **Klopstock**, and **Goethe**, and painting for Prince **Birkenfeld** a series of sixteen designs from the story of Cupid and Psyche. These works added little to his fame; but in 1837 he produced his masterpiece, "The Battle of the Huns," taking his subject from the old legend that tells us how the spirits of the Huns and Romans slain in the fight before the walls of Rome meet in the air and fight their battle o'er again. This great picture has been admirably engraved, and is well known in this country. **Kaulbach** had little feeling for color, and his pictures lose nothing at the hands of a skillful engraver. He was well aware of this himself, and after the art of photography had been perfected he was accustomed to finish all his great compositions in sepia, and have them carefully photographed previous to laying on the color. The writer remembers seeing his "Xerxes viewing the Destruction of the Persian Fleet" at the naval battle of Salamis finished in this manner, and just ready to be photographed.

The engraver's art has made us all familiar with **Kaulbach**'s "Destruction of Jerusalem," "The Confusion of Tongues at Babel," "The Era of the Reformation," "The Blooming Time of Greece," the "Nero," and other great compositions. The "Era of the Reformation" was purchased by an American, and was exhibited here in 1869. His most charming work is the illustrations to *Reynard the Fox*. In these admirable drawings are found imaginative invention of the highest order, the most exquisite humor and satire, a rare knowledge of animals, and a still rarer insight into life and character. This work will perhaps outlive his greater and more ambitious compositions. We must not forget the illustrations to **Goethe**'s poems, which are well known in this country by excellent photographic copies. **Kaulbach** keenly appreciated the value of photography as a help to the engraver, and, as already mentioned, was accustomed to have his works photographed. This was usually intrusted to his friend, Herr **Joseph Albert**, of Munich, in whose pleasant atelier he was often to be found. On such occasions he was fond of meeting friends, and was ever ready to converse. His manner was easy and genial, and his conversation was frequently enlivened with pleasantry and humor.

Kaulbach was a man of medium stature, rather spare, when the writer knew him some years ago, with keen twinkling gray eyes, whose glance seemed to go through one like a sharp arrow, yet never unkindly. Our picture is engraved from a photograph by **Albert**. The attitude will be familiar to all who have seen the great artist in his moments of leisurely ease.

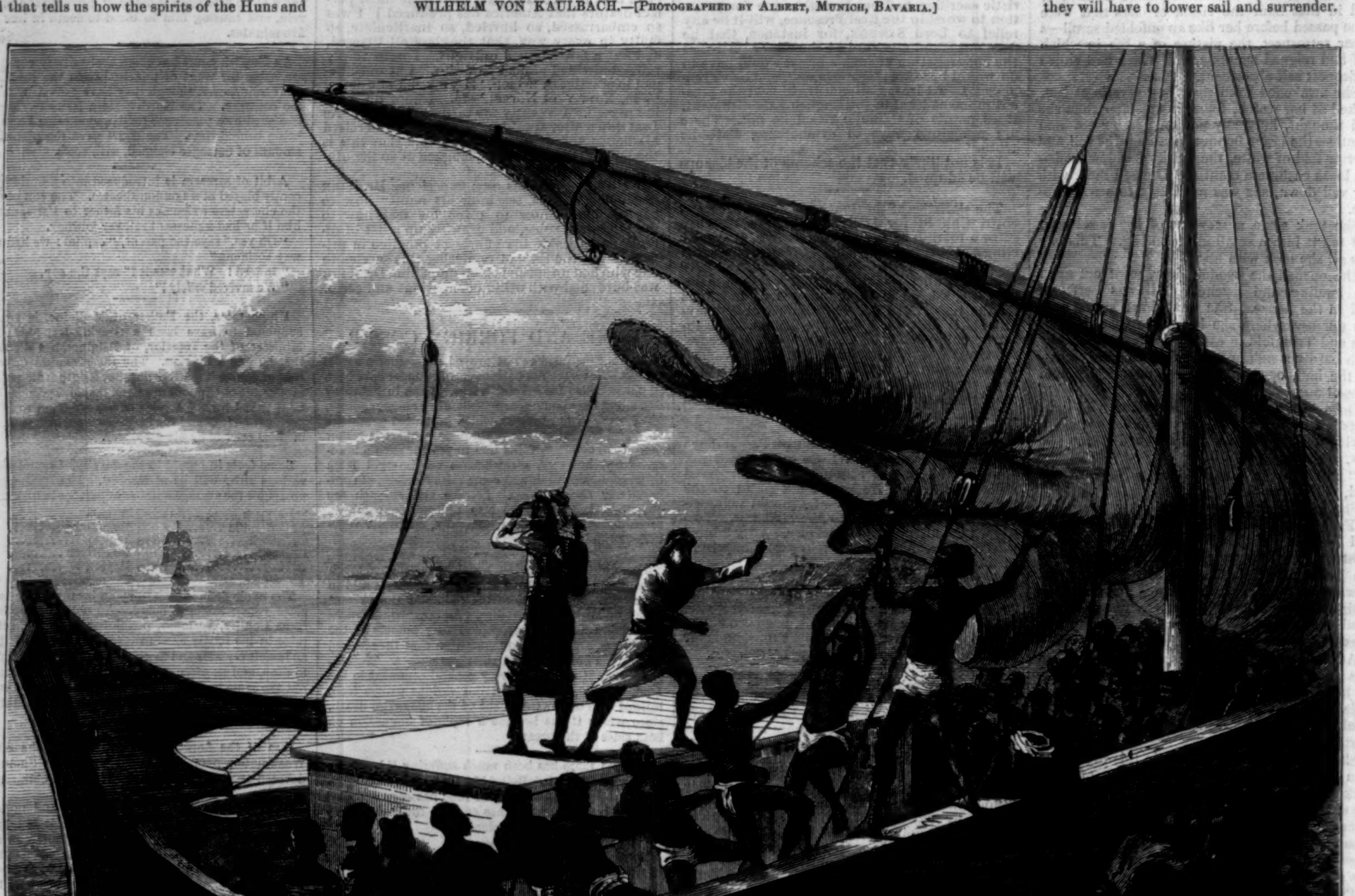
Kaulbach died of cholera, after a short illness, at Munich, on the 7th of April.



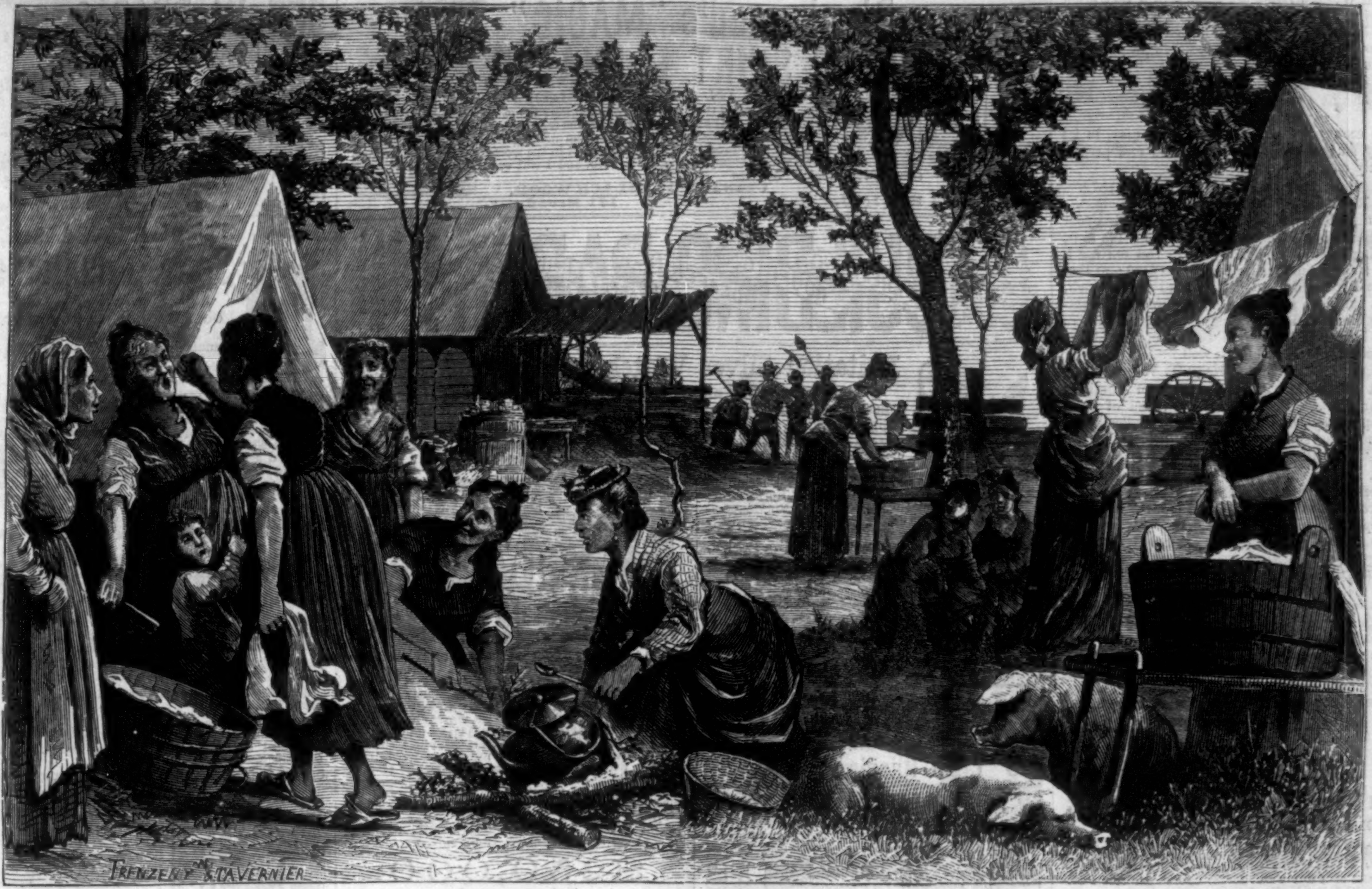
WILHELM VON KAULBACH.—[Photographed by Albert, Munich, Bavaria.]

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

This sketch represents a slave-ship in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Africa, where a large cargo of slaves has been taken on board. In the distance an English cruiser is sighted, and the officers of the slave-ship are preparing to hoist sail and try to make their escape. These curious vessels are very swift sailers, but hardly a match for steam. Unless they can make a landing before the cruiser comes within gunshot, they will have to lower sail and surrender.



THE SLAVE-SHIP—SIGHTING AN ENGLISH CRUISER.

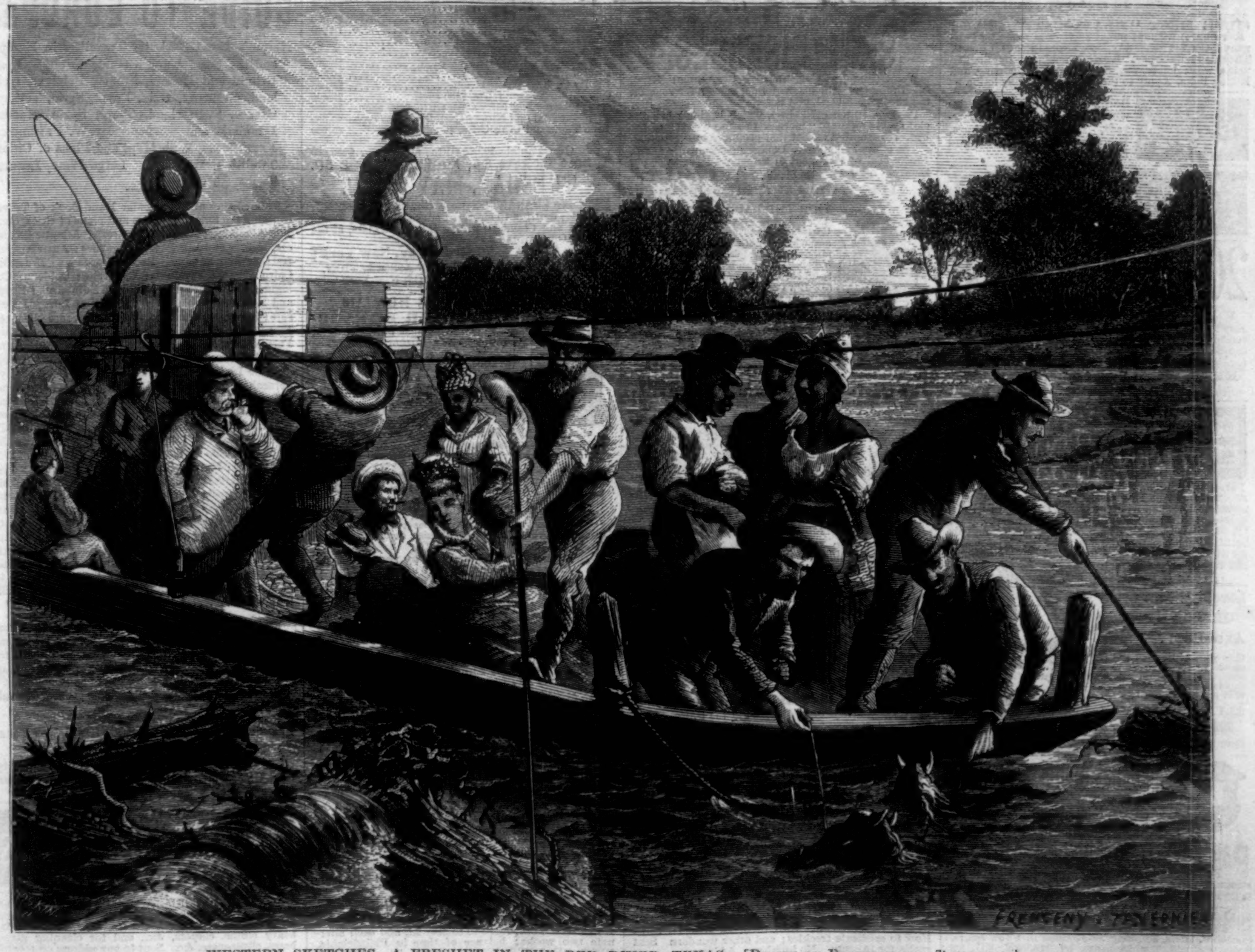


WESTERN SKETCHES—ARKANSAS PILGRIMS IN CAMP.—[Drawn by Frenzeny and Tavernier.]

WESTERN SKETCHES.

Our readers will remember that in a recent number of the *Weekly* we gave a sketch representing a party of "Arkansas Pilgrims" on their travels. In the first sketch on this page is shown a camp of these pilgrims settled near one of those lively, bustling Western villages that spring up as by enchantment along the new lines of railroad. A large party of Arkansas pilgrims has gone into camp near the town, and while the men hire themselves and their teams to the railroad company, the women and children take in washing and ironing. Where there is no "Chinese cheap labor" to keep prices down, the pilgrims have every thing their own way, and frequently make a very handsome "pile" during their sojourn.

Our second sketch shows a party crossing the Red River, Texas, during a heavy freshet. The



WESTERN SKETCHES—A FRESHET IN THE RED RIVER, TEXAS.—[Drawn by Frenzeny and Tavernier.]

great Western rivers are subject to a very great rise in spring, and the banks being generally low, the land is frequently overflowed for miles and miles, causing a great destruction of property and sometimes of life.

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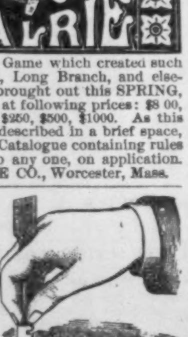

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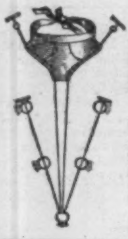

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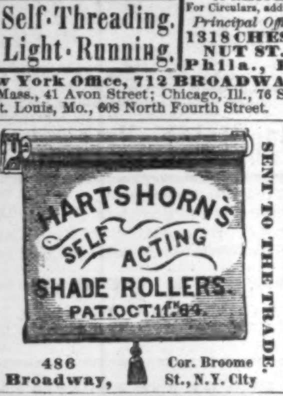
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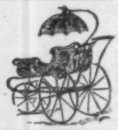

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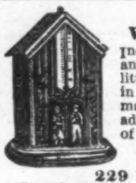

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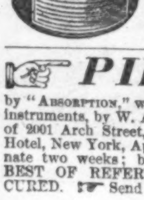

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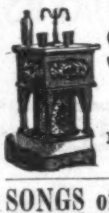

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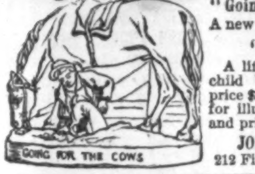

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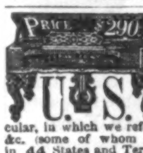

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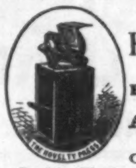

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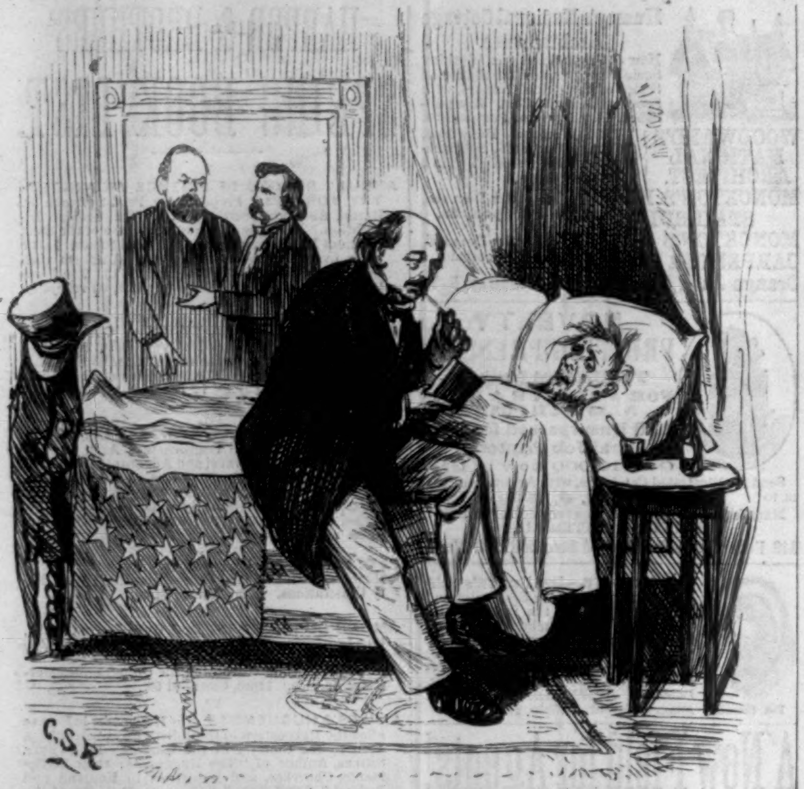

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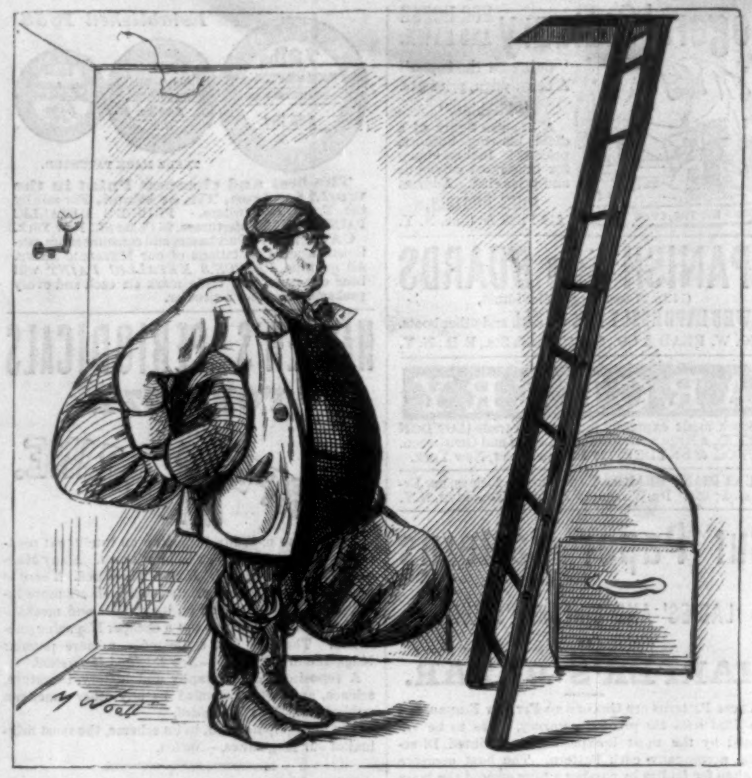

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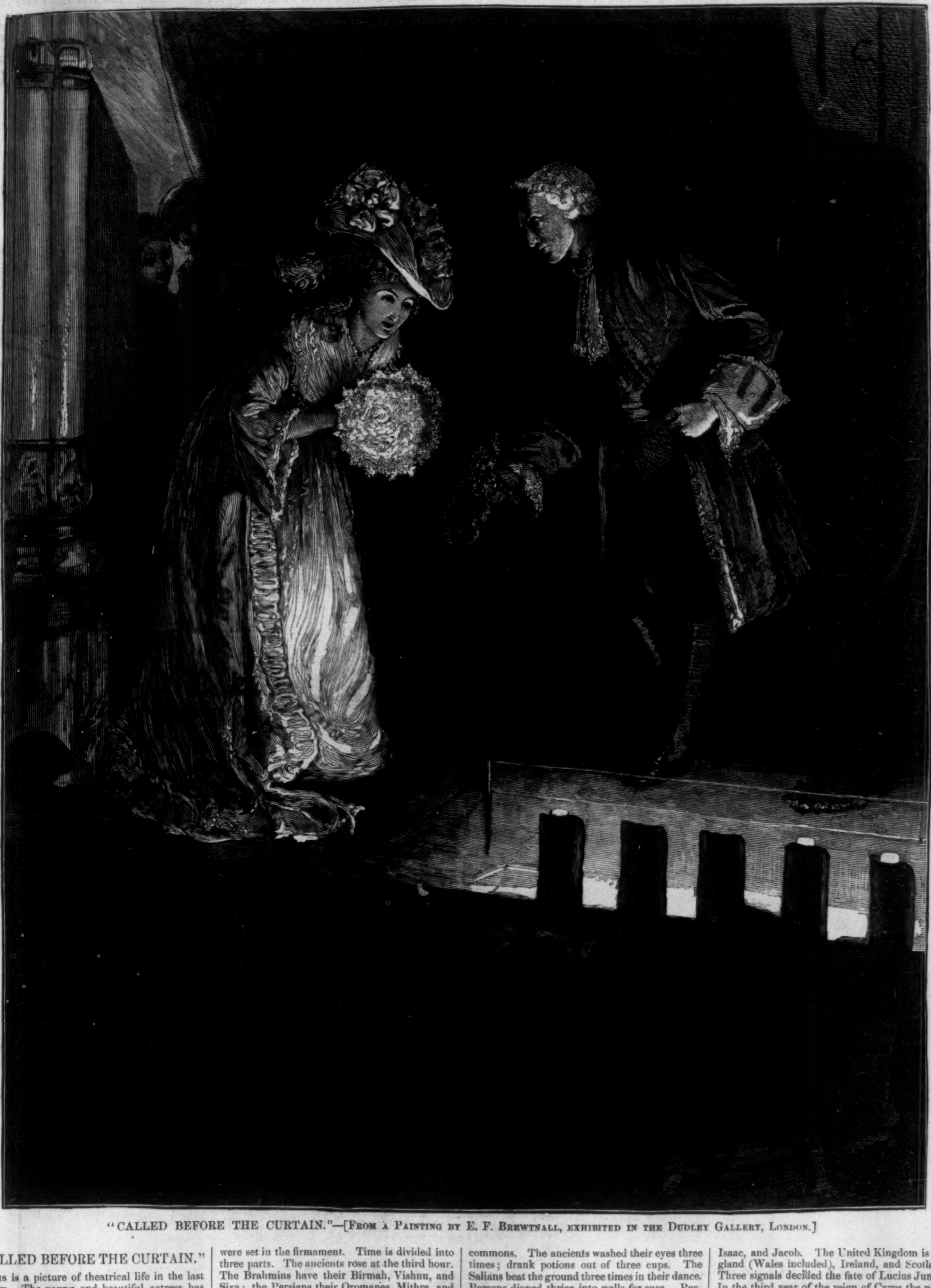


"CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN."—[From a Painting by E. F. Brewtnall, exhibited in the Dudley Gallery, London.]

"CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN."

This is a picture of theatrical life in the last century. The young and beautiful actress has pleased the audience, and is led out before the curtain to be rewarded with plaudits and bouquets, perhaps quite as much on account of her youth and beauty as for her grace and skill in acting. Theatrical audiences are capricious in this respect. A little talent goes a great way on the stage when accompanied with personal attractions.

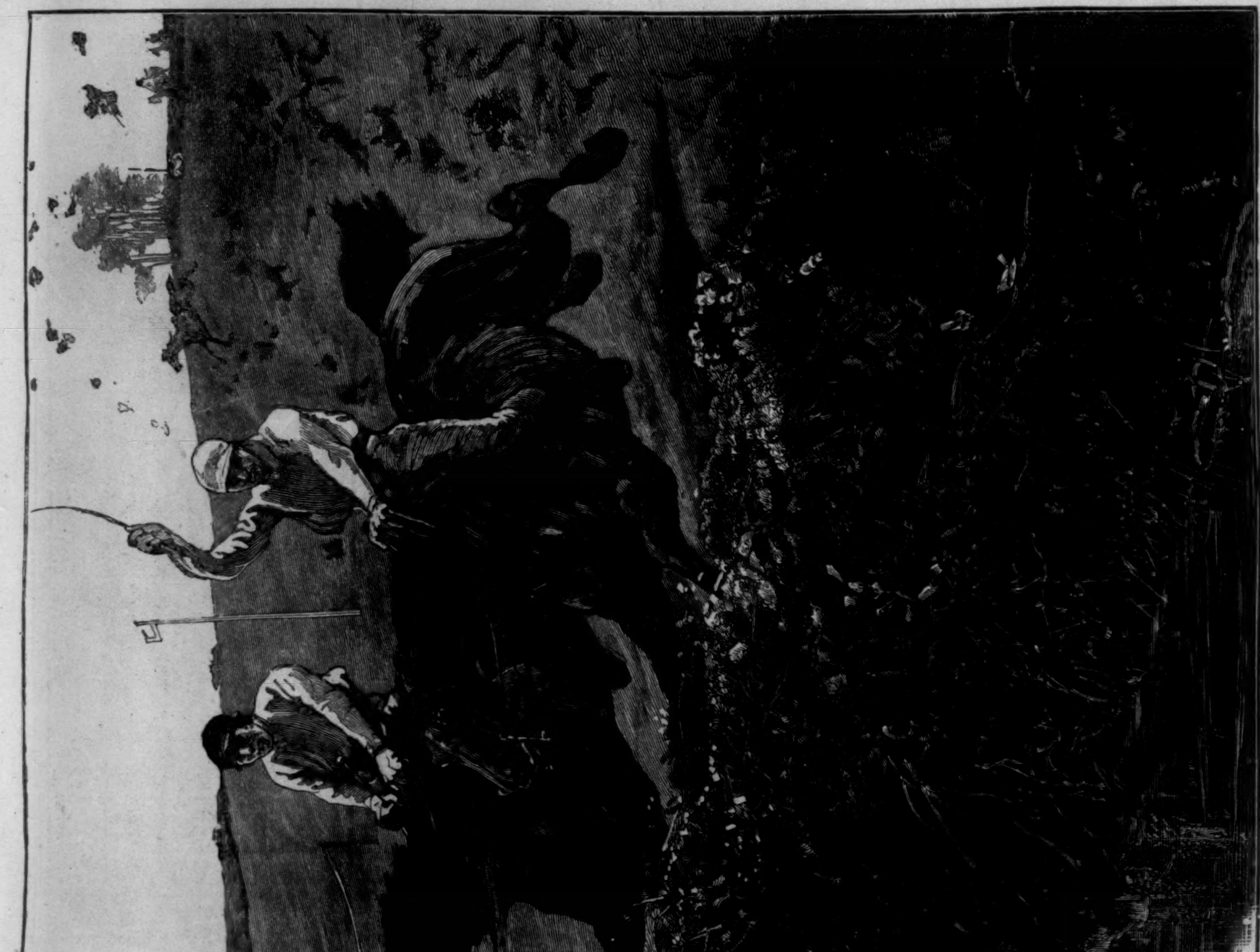
THREE, THIRD, AND THRICE.

The ordinal, cardinal, or numeral Three possesses stronger power of associating application than any other figure in history or literature. From the first notice of the creation Elohim is understood to signify the Trinity. When the third day was created, the sun, moon, and stars were set in the firmament. Time is divided into three parts. The ancients rose at the third hour. The Brahmins have their Birmah, Vishnu, and Siva; the Persians their Oromanes, Mithra, and Mithras; the Egyptians their Osiris, Isis, and Orus; the Arabians their Allah, Al Uzza, and Manah; the Phœnicians and Tyrians their Belus, Urania, and Adonis; the Greeks their Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. Aristotle, Plutarch, and Macrobius wrote on the doctrine of numbers. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos were three Fates.

The children that endured the fiery furnace were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Jupiter's thunder-bolt had three forks, Neptune's trident three prongs, Cerberus three heads. The Pythian priestess sat on a tripod. There were the three Parcæ; the three Furies; three attributes of the sun—Sol, Apollo, and Liber; of the moon—Hecate, Diana, and Luna. Three bows of the head and three prostrations are peculiar to some nations. In England are king, lords, and commons. The ancients washed their eyes three times; drank potions out of three cups. The Salians beat the ground three times in their dance. Persons dipped thrice into wells for cure. Persons were touched thrice for the king's-evil. Three parts of the Old World only were known. The three professions are law, divinity, and physic. Three chirps of a cricket are said to be a sign of death. The papist crosses himself three times. The third attack of apoplexy is thought fatal. The third finger of the left hand bears the marriage ring. A Latin motto is "Tria una in juncta."

The witches in *Macbeth* ask, "When shall we three meet again?" In the Church of England service are the clerk, people, and preacher; three priests serve at the papal shrine. In the courts of justice are the judge, the jury, and the culprit. In physic the physicians' consultation is three. An arbitration is three. The three warnings are celebrated. The Jews boasted of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The United Kingdom is England (Wales included), Ireland, and Scotland. Three signals decided the fate of Lucius Junius. In the third year of the reign of Cyrus the name of Belteshazzar was revealed to Daniel; his prophecy was that "three kings should stand up in Persia," and Daniel mourned three weeks by reason of his vision; the beast that he saw had three ribs in the mouth of it. Daniel's petitions were made three times. In the Revelation the third part of the creatures which were in the sea and had life died.

Faith, hope, and charity are three virtues. The priests' abodes in Ezekiel were three chambers. In the prophecy it says, "A third part of the hair shall be burned, a third part fall by the sword, a third part scattered by the wind." Milton's three fierce spirits were Ariel, Arioch, and Ramiel. Three candles in a room are said to indicate death in the family. The pasha wears three tails. The passion-flower has three spires.



STEEPLE-CHASING—AT THE LAST FENCE.

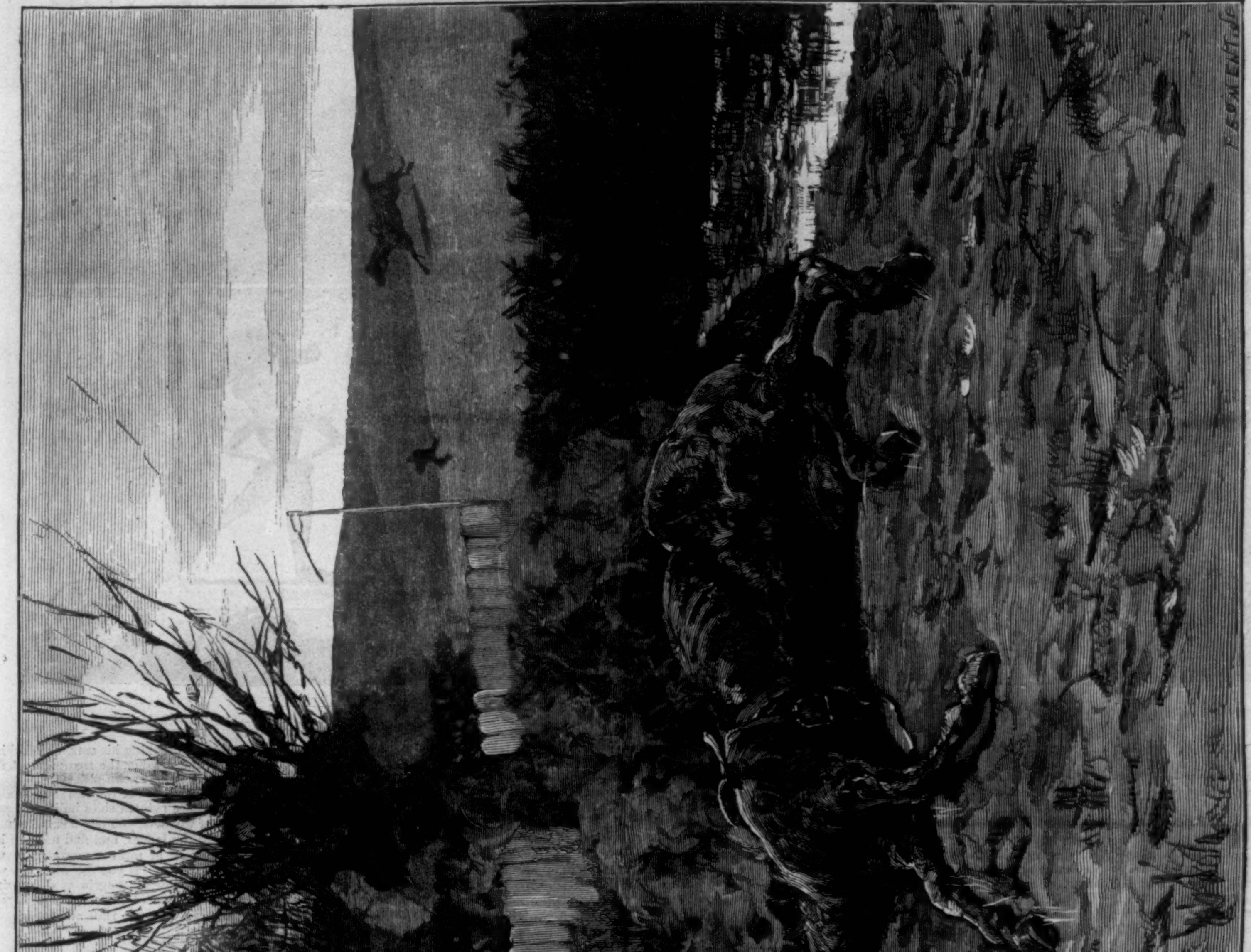
STEEPLE-CHASING.

This is essentially an English sport, and nowhere out of England and Ireland has it ever attained popular favor. An ordinary race on a smooth and even track is tame and commonplace in comparison. A steeple-chase is a wild race across country toward some prominent object in the landscape. Generally some church spire or tower is selected, and hence the name of the sport. No barrier can be avoided, no danger shirked. The utmost skill, courage, and coolness are required in the riders, as they have to encounter the most formidable obstacles in the way of fences, ditches, and hedges. Brooks also require to be frequently crossed; and from the aversion with which many horses regard them, requiring to be urged to them at full speed, this leap is generally considered the most difficult and dangerous of any. In some parts of the country the rider finds himself confronted by a wide ditch, bordered by a strong blackthorn hedge, and beyond that by a fence four feet in height, all of which obstacles must be cleared at one bold leap. Sometimes he comes to a high and thick quickset hedge, of perhaps half a century's growth, with a ditch on one side, requiring to be charged at full speed by the horseman. Many wonderful feats are related of daring riders, who stick at nothing in the excitement of the sport. In connection with this may be mentioned a feat achieved in 1792 by a gentleman in leaping a horse over the wall of Hyde Park, the height of which was six feet and a half on the inside, and eight on the outside. A bed of manure had been laid to break the force of alighting. The high-spirited horse performed the feat twice in succession, merely displacing a few bricks at the second jump.

Very sad accidents sometimes accompany this dangerous but exciting sport, though in general the disasters that overtake the riders are more amusing than serious. This results partly from the soft nature of the ground on which they take place, and partly from the skill exhibited by the horsemen in evading as much as possible the consequences of a fall. To know how to fall judiciously becomes, therefore, an important accomplishment with those who ride steeple-chases.

The spirited illustrations on this and the opposite page show the closing scenes in a hard run steeple-chase. Two bold riders have distanced all competitors. Some of their companions have come to grief in being dismounted, and others have fallen out of sight in the rear. They are nearing the last obstacle; one brave leap over hedge and ditch and the race will be over. The leap is made in gallant style; but one poor horse stumbles and falls, throwing his rider headlong to the ground. It is his last leap. The rider stands sympathetically bending over him as he lies stretched on the ground, gasping for breath. Who but must pity the gallant creature, run to death for the amusement of a crowd of idlers?

Steeple-chasing, from the nature of things, can never become an American sport, and this is certainly not to be regretted. To say nothing of the sad accidents that sometimes occur, resulting in the death or maiming for life of some poor fellow, it is a most cruel and distressing "sport" for the horses, and even in England a strong public opinion is forming against it. In no very remote period it will probably be numbered among the things that were, like bear-baiting and other cruel sports in which our ancestors took delight.



STEEPLE-CHASING—THE LAST LEAP.

THE RUSSIAN CARNIVAL.

THE principal shows and amusements for the entertainment of the populace of St. Petersburg during the carnival season take place in the large open space behind the British Embassy. From the beginning of the new year until the opening of the Merry Week the place is crowded with scaffoldings and lively with throngs of busy workmen. As *la semaine folle* approaches the scaffoldings develop into two immense ice-hills, several theatres, a menagerie, and various booths for comic shows. On the first day of carnival week these are all thrown open to the public, and the place becomes so crowded with men, women, and children that voluntary motion is almost impossible. The spectators move only in solid masses, so closely are they wedged and jammed together. It is impossible to elbow one's way out. Peasants in all sorts of singular costumes, chiefly in sheep-skin outer garments, because of the intense severity of the weather, soldiers in heavy overcoats, and shop-men in furs, compose the bulk of the crowd. It is not considered *comme il faut* for people of quality to mix with the common mass of sight-seers; but along the edges are lines of elegant turn-outs, with drivers and footmen in magnificent livery. In this way the upper classes manage to enjoy the fun without taking part in it.

The peasants come in from the country in little sledges, bringing their own stock of provisions, to the great disgust of the regular restaurant-keepers. The amusements and sports are varied enough. There are merry-go-rounds, rifle-galleries, shows of all sorts, and booths where those who have a little money to spend can buy nuts, candies, cakes, and ices. What would be considered strange in an American crowd at such a time, the favorite beverage is hot tea, so that there is no danger of rows either during or after the performance.

The festivities are rough but hearty. Bands from the different regiments play national airs in various parts of the immense square. Knights and ladies mount the miniature horses in the merry-go-rounds, and the former tilt with short lances at a ring as they whirl about in the circle. Meanwhile Punch and Judy enact their comic parts under an awning, and in the theatres you may see a tragedy, a farce, a comedy, a melodrama, or an operetta, according to your taste. No performance lasts more than half an hour, so that one can not complain of want of variety, or that he doesn't get his money's worth. The actors are not allowed a moment's rest; as soon as one performance is over another begins. It is a curious sight to see the crowd rush from one theatre to another and struggle for good places in the galleries. The buildings look almost too